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[THE TATLER, JUNE 1, 1932

THE TATLER



SUMMER Nº 1932

1/-

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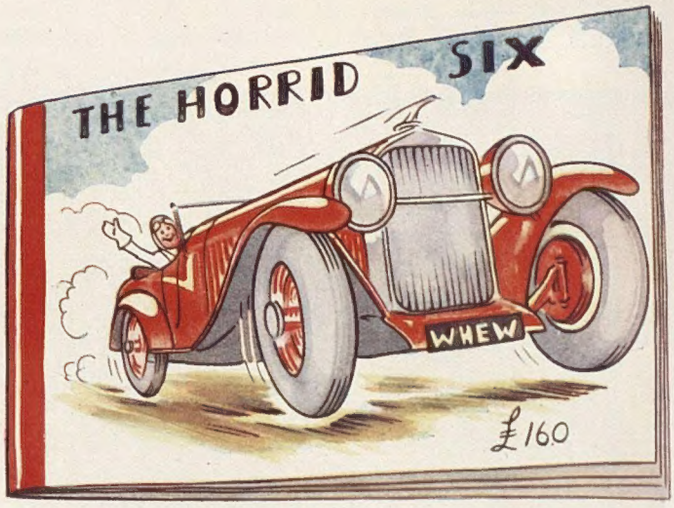
By LEWIS BAUMER

A reproduction of the picture which was exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours

ART AND ARTIFICIALITY—A FEW



THE ARTIST WHO DEPICTS THIS—



—LIKE THIS IS A LIAR



HE WHO PAINTS THIS—



—LIKE THIS A FAKE



HE WHO SCULPTURES THIS—



—LIKE THIS POSSIBLY A LUNATIC

HINTS FOR "PAINTER CHAPS"



AND WHO PAINTS THIS—



—LIKE THIS POSSIBLY A CRIMINAL



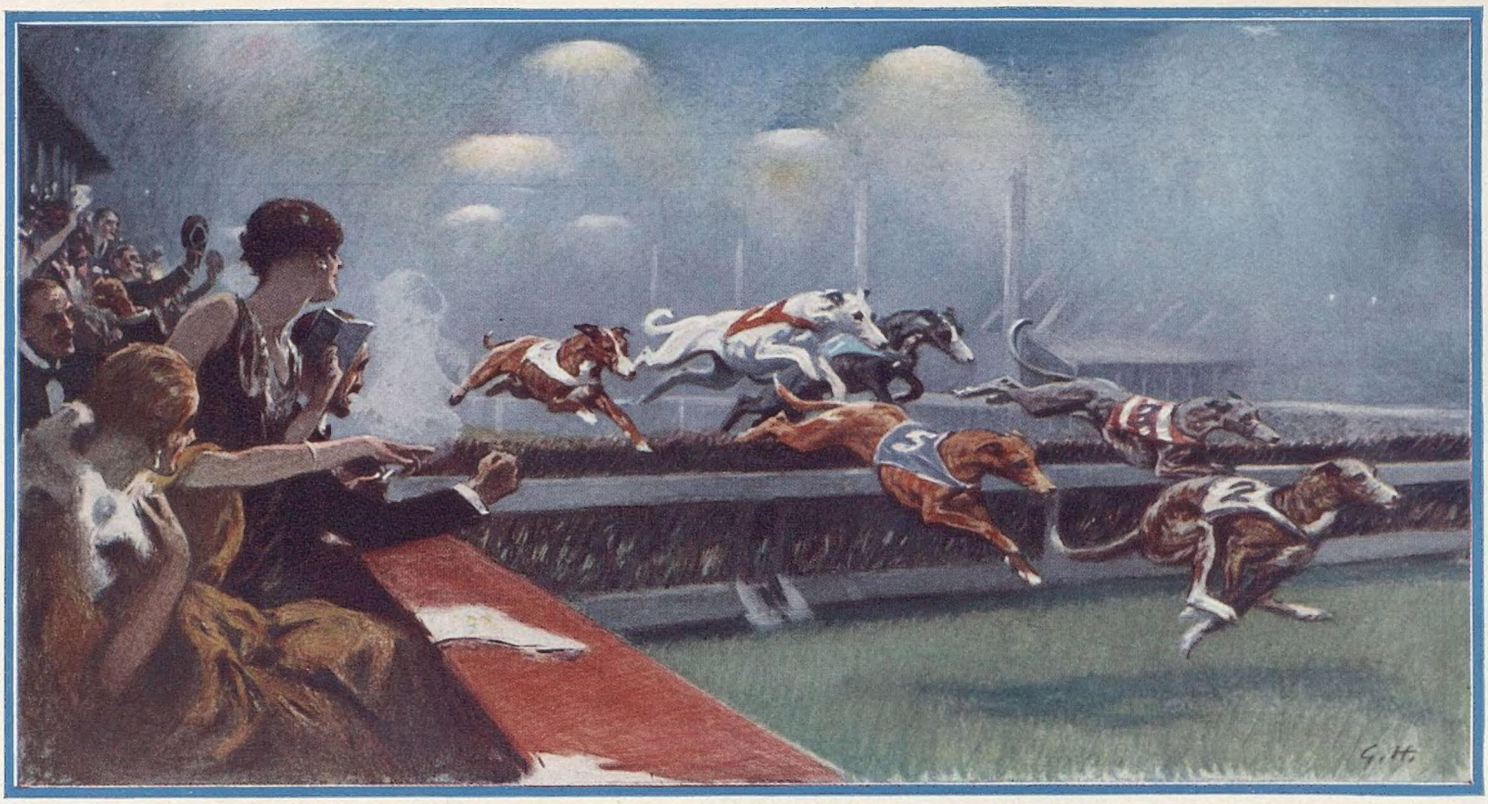
BUT THE ARTIST



WHO PORTRAYS THIS—



—LIKE THIS IS ALL THAT AND MORE



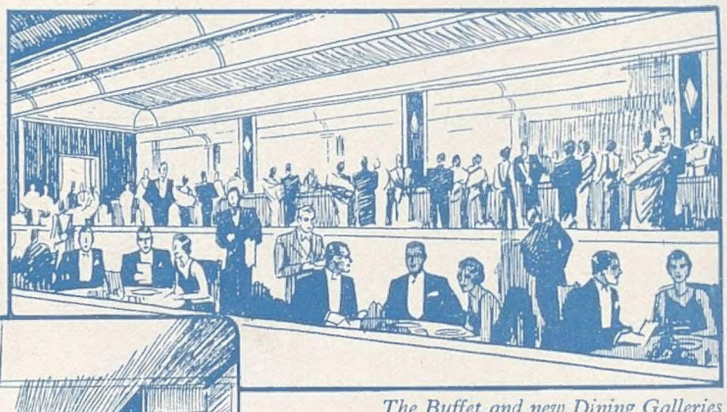
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All London is coming to see the Greyhound Derby this year. First heats, June 7th. Final, June 25th.



View of track from Club Enclosure



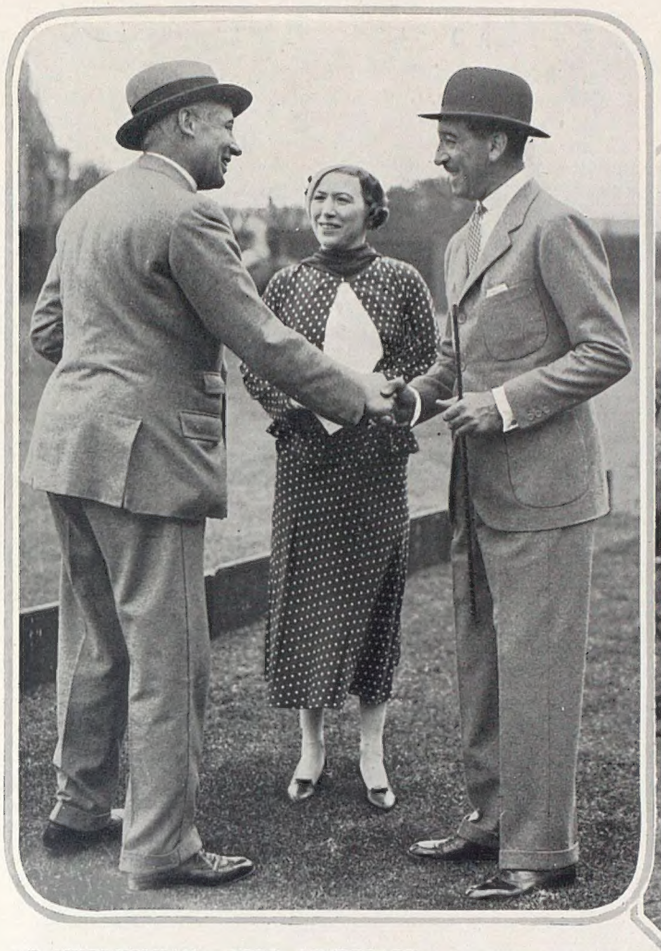
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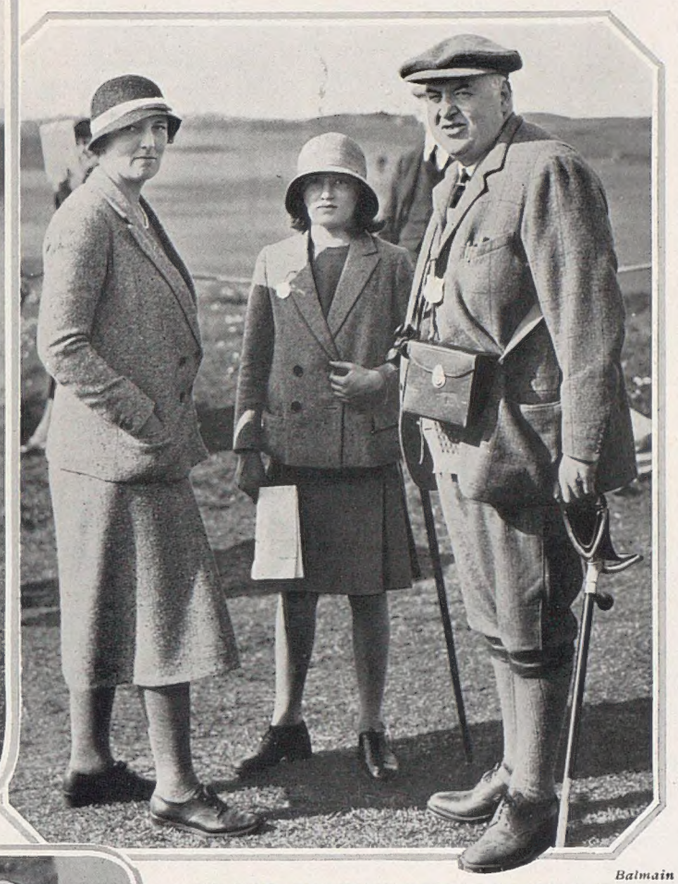
The new Ballroom and Members' Lounge

THE LETTERS OF EVE



AT HURLINGHAM: LORD KIMBERLEY AND THE MARQUIS AND MARQUISE DE PORTAGO

Like most of the other polo clubs in London, Hurlingham have been badly handicapped by the wet weather. Lord Kimberley is better remembered in the polo world as Lord Wodehouse, ex-Old Cantab and ex-International and one of the best exponents England has ever had. The Marquis de Portago also is no stranger in English polo circles



Balmain

AT THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS: MRS. JOHN DE VERE LODER, MISS HENRIETTA LODER, AND LORD DONOUGHMORE

A group at Muirfield, Gullane, near Edinburgh, last week. Mrs. Loder is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant and a half-sister of Lady Oxford and Asquith. She was Miss Margaret Tennant and her husband is a kinsman of Sir Giles Loder



LADY D'ABERNON

Arriving at Carlton House Terrace at the tea-party given by the German Ambassador, Baron Konstantin von Neurath. Lord D'Abernon was British Ambassador to Germany during the difficult after-the-War period, 1920–26, and was an immense success. Lady D'Abernon was Lady Helen Duncombe

Grosvenor Square, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—I suppose I shall be lucky if you find time to read half my letter this week. For the Derby is imminent. And there is something about the Derby which upsets the equilibrium of even the steadiest. And with the draw for the Irish Sweep coming so late, this letter may reach you before your dreams of winning a fortune have been once more shattered. So with such pre-occupations to fill your mind, what possible chance can there be for these few words of mine?

"To back or not to back—Orwell." That is, of course, the burning question of the moment. For though all the heads and all the people who ought to know assure us that the race is over already, Mr. Naylor, the astrologer, declares that the stars are all against Mr. Singer's colt. Unfortunately the stars are rather negative in their indications, and give no helpful pointers to the winner.

* * *

Not being an astrologer myself, I had better cease discussing the future and turn my attention to the past. Last week the Season began to look really like the Season. Even the stormy week-end before was full of excitement with Miss Amelia Earhart's magnificent feat to show us that there are still some left to carry on the old heroic tradition.

* * *

A milder excitement of the week-end was White's Club golf match played on the Prince's course at Sandwich. The colour schemes of some of the competitors were a grand sight, and the Prince of Wales, who wore a crimson jersey and crimson stockings and a black béret, was far from being the most conspicuously clad. We were all disappointed when the Prince was beaten in the third round, but there was some consolation in the fact that his conqueror was his own equerry, Colonel Piers Legh, who won the whole thing. Betting is always very heavy on this match, but I hear that the winner had only backed himself for a small amount.

Captain Wakefield Saunders had a big house-party for the event. He himself was beaten by Lord Tennyson whose socks in that particular match were in danger of coming down most of the way round.

* * *

Mrs. St. John Hornby gave the week a good send-off with the huge ball she had on Monday night for her daughter Rosamund. This is the second she has given for her this year; but when one possesses a house like Shelley House,

(*Continued overleaf*)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—*continued.*



IN THE PARK: MISS JASMINE, MISS MYRTLE AND MISS DAPHNE VAN DE WEYER

The three pretty daughters of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, for whom their mother is giving a dance on June 24. The Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer is a sister of Lord Powerscourt, and was formerly the Hon. Olive Wingfield. Major Van de Weyer is a kinsman of the Earl of Craven and a son of the late Mr. Victor Van de Weyer and Lady Emily Van de Weyer

which is on Chelsea Embankment, the temptation to entertain on a large scale must be very difficult to resist. The rooms are filled with priceless pictures and objets d'art; they are all large, they all have parquet floors, and they all lead out of one another. So what more perfect conditions could one hope for?

Unfortunately the conditions outside were not too helpful, for the large marquee which had been built out in the garden behind the house collapsed in the wind and rain on Sunday and had to be put up again the day of the dance. And as Monday night was not much better, there was a little anxiety as to whether it would happen again.

* * *

All the débutantes seemed to be there except Lady Anne Charteris, who had gone to Holyrood to be lady-in-waiting to her aunt, Lady Colquhoun. And there were numbers of young married women with their husbands who seemed to dance even more energetically than the very young and to appreciate there being more waltzes than anything else. They included Mr. Ronnie Balfour and his lovely wife, Lord and Lady Hambleden, Mr. Anthony, and Lady Veronica Hornby, the Michael Hornbys, and the Dufferins, who have just come home from India. They both looked very well, especially Lady Dufferin, who wore a striking and most becoming gold dress.

* * *

Next day I looked in for lunch at the Embassy, which I found even more crowded than usual with youth and beauty. One lovely in particular was being stared at from all angles but, strange to say, nobody knew her name. I cannot imagine that it will remain unknown for long. At another table Mrs. Booker, in the sort of small white hat that few but she can wear really well, was with a party which included tall Miss Nan McGowan. And close by Lady Bridgett Poulett and Miss Margaret Whigham were lunching tête-à-tête in hats, dresses, coats, and deep fur collars which were identical except that the colour scheme was in one case blue and in the other beige. Was it studied effect or tragic accident?

Another beauty in the one room was Baroness Szilvinyi. Glasgow is the last place in which one would imagine this charming, lovely, and witty cosmopolitan, but that is just where she has been spending most of the last few months, since her husband's business has taken him there for a time. She agreed with me when I complained that her name was quite unnecessarily hard to spell and told me that Silvini was its sensible and practical original form in Spain. But the ancestor who went off with Charles V to Austria was so much affected by his new surroundings that he Magyarized it by throwing in the extra *z* and *y*.



Balmain

AT MUIRFIELD: THE HON. ELIZABETH YOUNGER AND MISS ANGELA COUPER

Who, with a very large concourse of other people, were watching the Amateur Golf Championships at Muirfield last week. The Hon. Elizabeth Younger is the elder of Lord and Lady Younger's two daughters, and Miss Angela Couper is a daughter of Sir John and Lady Couper. Her father is the hon. secretary of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers



Sasha

THE EMPIRE LODGE INSTALLATION BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE

At this banquet last week the Right Hon. Sir Maurice Jenks, Lord Mayor of London, was installed Worshipful Master of the Empire Lodge. In this group are Right Worshipful Brother Walter F. Nutt, O.B.E., Provincial District Grand Master, E. Archipelago; Right Worshipful Brother the Right Hon. Lord Marshall of Chipstead, P.C., K.C.V.O., P.G.W.; Right Worshipful Brother Major-General the Right Hon. J. E. B. Seely, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., P.G.W., and Very Worshipful Brother Alderman Sir Charles Batho, Bart., P.G.Treasurer

* * *

From the Embassy I went on to the private view of the Chelsea Flower Show, which seemed to have been caught by that well-known deep depression from the Hebrides. I felt so sorry for the flowers, torn from their warm houses to a cold tent in the draught of flapping canvas and the damp chill which rose

(*Continued on p. 364*)

TO WELCOME LORD AND LADY JERSEY

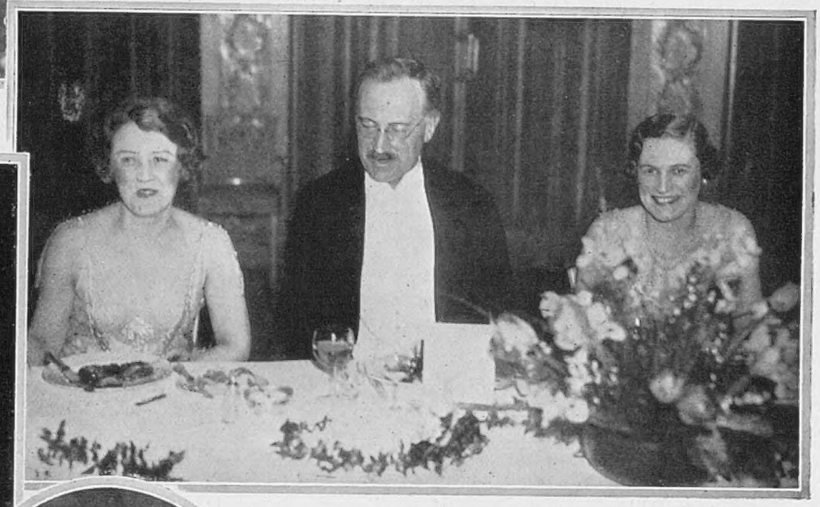
Friendly Relations at the Dowager Lady Jersey's Family Dinner-Party



LADY JERSEY AND THE HON. ARTHUR VILLIERS



THE DOWAGER LADY JERSEY AND HER GRANDSON, LORD JERSEY



LORD DUNSANY WITH LADY LEIGH AND MRS. RICHARDS



LORD LEIGH, LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR AND THE HON. ELWYN RHYS



THE HON. MRS. PAKENHAM

To welcome Lord and Lady Jersey on their return from their honeymoon trip to Australia, where Lord Jersey was introduced to his bride's parental home, the Dowager Lady Jersey gave a family dinner-party last week at the Dorchester. The twenty-two guests all sat at one long table, and obviously enjoyed the reunion. Above are Lord Jersey's great-uncle, his mother, and his first cousin, Lady Dynevor's youngest son



LADY VIOLET PAKENHAM AND THE HON. M. VILLIERS

Mrs. Richards, the bride's mother, was naturally an important guest. She sat next to Lord Dunsany, whose wife was Lady Beatrice Villiers before her marriage. The Hon. Arthur Villiers, Lord Jersey's uncle, was on Lady Jersey's left, and Lady Violet Pakenham had her first cousin, the Hon. Mansel Villiers, as dinner companion and kept him vastly entertained. The Hon. Mrs. Pakenham, who was formerly Miss Elizabeth Harman, was married to Lord Longford's only brother last November



Photographs by Arthur Owen

THE HON. DAVID AND MRS. RHYS AND LADY DUNSANY

THE LETTERS OF EVE—*continued.*

from the wet ground. Every petal of the delicate lovely Meconopsis Regia seemed to plead for a hot-water bottle.

The King and Queen, who saw everything, were accompanied by a little group of people. I could not distinguish all of them, but I was intrigued by the top hats which seemed to be growing on top of the delphiniums. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and King Manoel were all there. So was the Duke of Connaught, who was looking wonderfully well. I had seen him earlier in the day swinging along the Serpentine Road like a man of thirty.

* * *

We seem to be passing through a wave of tulips and Wagner at the moment. For on the day that 40,000 British-grown bulbs burst into bloom in Hyde Park, Covent Garden crashed out the strains of *The Flying Dutchman*. It was the first performance we have had for some time, and a very large audience assembled to hear it. Lady Cunard was well to the fore as usual, Lady Ancaster came with pretty Mrs. Cochrane Baillie, and Mrs. Edward Compton looked very decorative in pale pink chiffon with a floating cape and many pin tucks. Lady Alexandra Haig was there with a party, and I also noticed Lady Patricia Moore and pretty little Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton who was with Mr. David Rhys.

* * *

I personally, liked Odette de Foras, the Senta. She is a fine actress with a very un-Teutonic wealth of gesture which seemed to overwhelm some members of the audience. And the Dutchman himself was magnificently sung by Friedrich Schorr. But the ending of this opera always strikes me as being a little sudden. For we see the Dutchman on his coal-black ship drawn across the stage, apparently on a port tack. And before we can blink an eyelid he appears on the far horizon, with his ship painted red and sinking fast.

However, anything is permissible in grand opera, and there were fewer scenic disasters than one had expected. At the last performance of *Götterdammerung* not only Valhalla, but the whole of Covent Garden stage, seemed to disintegrate before our horrified eyes. Fortunately a merciful darkness soon descended, and the Twilight of the Gods became a total eclipse, but only just in time.

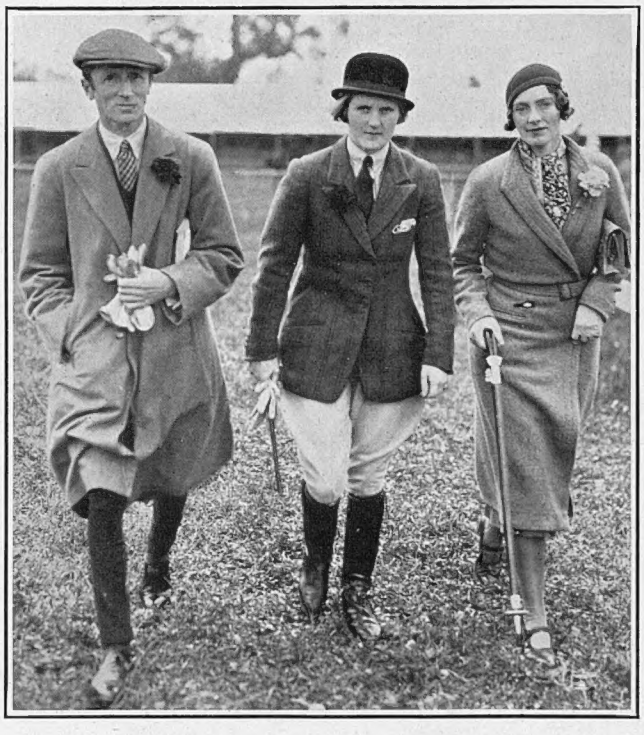
* * *

Great operatic singers are seldom at their best in a room, but Frieda Leider and Lotte Lehmann controlled their beautiful voices so effectively at Baron Franckenstein's small musical party on Wednesday night that the result was unusually lovely. Mme. Lehmann's duet with Herr Wolff, from Verdi's *Othello*, was a perfect end to the best musical party of the year. Herr Wolff's rendering of his own group of songs, which included the well-known "Morgen," was rather less effective than his singing in the duet—his voice has such tremendous resonance and power that it becomes a little overwhelming at close quarters—but the programme, taken as a whole, was brilliant.

The brilliance was reflected in the audience, where scarlet seemed to be the most popular colour. Lady Ravensdale, Lady Earle, and Lady Londonderry were all in vivid red, Lady Londonderry also wearing ropes of turquoises—a lovely colour combination, which suited her very well.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that Lady Cunard and Mr. "Puffin" Asquith graced the party with their presence, for no musical gathering would be quite complete without them!

* * *



AT THE BATH AND WEST AT YEOVIL

Sir Thomas Ainsworth, M.F.H. (Tipperary), Mrs. Masters and Lady Ainsworth at the great show last week, where you may meet as many people from all the ends of the earth as you do even in Dublin shows. Sir Thomas Ainsworth, the famous ex-hunt Master of the Meath, has had the Tipperary since 1928. Mrs. Masters is a very famous personality both out hunting and in the show ring in Ireland

A cocktail party hostess of last week was Mrs. Ronnie Balfour. She had every assistance from her family, for Captain Duff and Lady Diana Cooper lent her their house in Gower Street, and her husband has just gone into the wine trade, which accounted for the almost professional way in which he dispensed the flowing bumpers of champagne cocktail.

Among the guests were Countess Paul Munster, Lady Glenconner, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Sir Paul Latham, and Lady Erne, besides a dozen or so whom you read about every week, and I therefore refrain from mentioning again.

* * *

I admire and envy the people who are no respecters of such things as seasons and who move about just when and where they will. One of them is Sir Wyndham Portal, a recently elected member of the R.Y.S. who bought the beautiful yacht, *Star of India*, and converted her from coal to oil. He and his wife have just returned from a short cruise with a few well-chosen friends, who included Lord and Lady Churchill and Sir Gordon Carter. Sir Gordon tells me that we shall find many new improvements at Ascot, and that though the entries are not as good as they were last year, the added money, which is £44,250, is the same.

* * *

I wish I had more space left for Marcel Boulestin's party on Thursday night, but this is practically stop press. Most of us knew, before Mr. Francis Toye told us in a short and witty little speech, that our host had reversed the procedure of a certain musician who started life by being a cook. M. Boulestin started as a man of letters. But he has gone one better than the other, for he still remains an artist, both a culinary artist and a literary one.

He described his party as a petit concert gastronomique. He called in musicians and poets besides his chefs to extol the virtues of simple things. So while we nibbled hors d'œuvres and sipped Manzanilla, Sophie Wyss sang a group of songs which took us from soup to dessert. Poulenc's "La Carpe," the melancholy fish, I knew already, and of the others I liked best Ravel's "La Pintade" and two delightfully comic little songs by Auric. And the programme gave a short recipe for cooking the trout or the ducklings of the little apple that Madame Wyss was singing about. Then followed supper. The simplest things, exquisitely cooked, to eat. *Champagne nature, blanc et rose*, to drink.

I won't attempt to mention or describe all the people who enjoyed this party. But a mere handful of those who came to represent brains and beauty were the Sitwells, Edith and Osbert, Lady Diana Cooper, Miss Mary Newcomb and Lady Pearson, Lady Ravensdale, Mrs. Emile Mond, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, and Mr. Edward Knoblock, who kept his table laughing the whole evening.—Yours ever, EVE.



Cosser

COLCHESTER GARRISON CRICKET

The cricket season of the Colchester Garrison C.C. opened with a match v. St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and the Garrison's first pair, Sir C. K. Dick-Cunyngham (Black Watch) and Mr. R. E. Hudson, R.A., are here seen going out. The weather was none too kind here as elsewhere

AIRS AND GRACES

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball



IN THE DANCING EPISODES: MISS SYLVIA HOBDAY AND MR. E. BARON



THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR

The Hon. Eileen Brougham and Miss Averil Streatfeild with Mr. C. L. de Beaumont, Mr. E. Baron, and Mr. H. E. R. Kingsbury. As in former years, pageantry played its part in the fifth edition of Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, held last week at Grosvenor House for the benefit of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. That it was even more successful and decorative than its predecessors is saying a great deal



THE HON. SHEILA BERRY AS A MAID OF HONOUR

Lord Camrose's daughter, together with Miss Anita Leslie, daughter of Mr. Shane Leslie the author, and Miss Camilla Russell, whose father is Russell Pasha, was among the engaging young people concerned in the vast birthday cake procession which is now a traditional feature of Queen Charlotte's Ball. This year Prince George cut the first slice after complicated evolutions, carried out with almost mechanical precision, had drawn the cake up to the dais on which H.R.H. stood. During the evening Miss Sylvia Hobday produced various period dance episodes, which were warmly applauded



MISS CAMILLA RUSSELL

Photographs by Sasha



MISS ANITA LESLIE

The Cinema : By LENZ

"The Crooked Lady."

THIS is distinctly an off week as regards new films, and I cannot raise very much enthusiasm for any of them. Perhaps the best of a poor lot is a British production which is being shown as second feature to Marion Davies's new effort at the Empire. It is called *The Crooked Lady* for no reason that I could possibly discover. But this unpretentious little picture is very cleanly photographed and recorded, and is well acted, at times a little over-acted, by a fine cast which includes Austin Trevor, Ursula Jeans, and George Graves.

George Graves makes a couple of all too short appearances in the part of an eccentric baronet who gives an oddly mixed kind of party in his country house, and hires a private detective to protect his guests' valuables. This is Ursula Jeans, for it has to be a woman so that in the final fade out she may fall into the arms of the crook whose nefarious schemes it was her duty to frustrate. Now you know just what kind of a crook Austin Trevor has to be. An ex-officer and a gentleman who only takes to crime because, after the War, he cannot sell himself in any other market. The moment he discovers that the woman he has robbed is the widow of the man who gave his life to save him, he returns her jewels, refuses her reward, turns his back on villains and villainy, and sets himself to the honest and lucrative profession of crime story writing.

This leaves him ready for the happy ending which does not arrive without a good deal of attempted dirty work on the part of the villain, Edmund Willard. Balked of his prey—the hero—he turns his attentions to the heroine and makes such a determined assault on her that most of her clothes are torn to ribbons. However, as neither she, nor her uncle, nor the hero seem to think anything of that, one is left to gather that, for lady detectives, such incidents are all part of the day's work. Some of the dialogue is quite amusing (though I found Austin Trevor's much-repeated "I don't mind if I do" a little disconcerting), and I liked Alexander Field's portrait of the ex-convict Cockney batman.

* * *

"Polly of the Circus."

Marion Davies, I believe, chooses her own film parts and stories. And in *Polly of the Circus* she has evidently set out to give herself something a little more dramatic than usual. The result is a hybrid of a Marion Davies and a Ruth Chatterton part. She sails along on purely Marion Davies lines, as a care-free, high-trapeze artist, until she accidentally falls fifty feet with no more serious injury than need enforce her to remain, for two months, in the home of a good-looking young clergyman. In due time, or rather longer, for she is inclined to delay the convalescing process, she becomes whole in body, though not in heart. And as the young clergyman is Clark Gable, that is not astonishing.

Nor, having recovered from the shock of seeing Gable as an innocent and earnest vicar, are we surprised to find him responding to her rather obvious advances. For charm and beauty such as hers, coupled with sincerely serious readings from the "Book of Ruth," are not to be withstood by young and innocent clerical hearts.

This sincerity and seriousness, which prepare us for the great lengths to which her love will go, continue almost to the end of the film. For the period of trial begins with the marriage which our young hero's bishop uncle, Aubrey Smith, disapproves of so profoundly that no living is left open to him. So the poor young man, barred from the great vocation to which he has been dedicated, becomes miserable and depressed. And the loving Polly, appealing to the hard-hearted uncle, discovers that divorce is even more impossible for a clergyman than marriage to a circus girl wife.

So she decides to return to the circus, make a better job of falling from the trapeze and free her husband by her death. Such an ending would have given dramatic value to the film. But the old Marion could not resist a come-back from the serious and tragic. So the sight of the husband and now softened uncle, breaking the speed limit to reach her in time, rob those last scenes of any real suspense. And we leave the three, mutually embracing, in the middle of the arena.

The most pleasing moments of this film are the half slow motion shots of the trapeze artists, taken from all kinds of unexpected angles.



Cyril Stanborough

"WHEN LONDON SLEEPS"—RENE RAY DOES A HIGH WIRE ACT

The risks cinema actors have to take look—and are—appalling. Miss Rene Ray (picture also inset) is here escaping from a burning mansion, where she has been imprisoned by some wicked kidnappers—and the telegraph wires do not look too good a way out. It is a Julius Hagen production made at the Twickenham Studios

* *

The Murders in the Rue Morgue.

Being an optimist, I approached this film with a heart full of hope. In my innocence I had thought that at last I was going to see something rather special to tickle my jaded film palate. Something worthy of Poe's macabre story. But I left bitterly disappointed, for it is not only nothing special, but, I regret to say, frankly bad and distressingly dull.

Why is it that these so-called shockers and horrors so rarely succeed in shocking and horrifying? I think it is because so little attempt is made to suggest and sustain an enveloping atmosphere of horror. In most of these recent films the horror is laid on, thick and obvious, in patches. And between these patches, we not only get the normal being too normal but actual comic relief. We still have to go back to The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari for sustained and growing horror.

Apart from the opening shot of a motor boat going down the Seine in 1845 we are introduced straight away to a comic fat man cooking supper. He reappears at intervals during the film, and he is always cooking or eating or making jokes. So it is hard for his earnest young doctor friend to work up to the climax: his own discovery of the murderer and the murderer's designs on his young fiancée.

Bela Lugosi, the Hungarian with the sinister magnetic eyes, who played Dracula, does the best he can as the mad scientist and murderer, but he is not given very much chance. I, personally, found the obviously faked scenery of Paris more suggestively macabre than anything else in the film.

"CASANOVA" COMES TO TOWN



FERNANDO AUTORI AND MARY LAWSON



MARIANNE WINKELSTERN



THE PRODUCER: ERIK CHARELL

The much-heralded "Casanova," Sir Oswald Stoll's bold bid to beat all records in the matter of spectacular dramatic achievement, opened last week at the Coliseum. Though perhaps it does not altogether fulfil expectations, there is no doubt that the final Venetian scene—a gyrating medley of marvellous colours with revellers crossing and recrossing the bridges under which fleets of gondolas come and go—is bound to draw all London. The genius of the production is, of course, Erik Charell, Max Reinhardt's brilliant pupil. In the title-rôle Autori was in superb voice on the opening night, and Dorothy Dickson stands out in a welter of foreign performers by reason of her English accent. Jack Barty and Mary Lawson (two relics of "White Horse Inn") provide the comedy relief, and Marianne Winkelstern proves her worth in the more than magnificent Max Rivers ballets

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



JACK BARTY AND DOROTHY DICKSON



Lenare

MISS JOAN MILLER

The pretty débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Miller of 42, Lowndes Square, and of Australia. A dance was given for her on Monday last

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Egotistical but Interesting.

THE person who only begins to brighten conversationally when the talk veers round to himself may or may not be tiresome, even as a temporary companion; it all depends upon what he *is* and upon what he has *done*. Also how he talks about himself. The slightest hint of pomposity . . . well, to hurl at him the nearest jam-pot is to be justified whatever the result may be. The egotist, to be charming, has to tread warily and wittily. Otherwise . . . well, it is only safe to cultivate such ground among heaps of people who haven't heard all about you before, otherwise the few who have been shown round and round the estate, so to speak, feel at last like standing on tip-toe to scream. Curiously enough the male egoist is usually more bearable than the female of the species. Work, for instance, seems to cut deeper into the reality of life than children and clothes, servants and ailments. Even sport can be interesting as a topic of conversation for not more than five-and-twenty minutes. Nevertheless, there are certain rare and clever people who can manage to talk about themselves in such a way that their listeners don't discover the fact until unconsciously they butt in with their own concerns only to find a very chilly reception. It all depends upon how it is done, and a sense of humour can sometimes make forgivable the crassest self-satisfaction; that is to say, if people can ever be self-satisfied with even a glimmer of a sense of humour. Anyway, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, in her new volume of reminiscences, "Me and Mine" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), writes incessantly round and about herself, and yet manages to be interesting and entertaining most of the time. It is a book of Mrs. Alec Tweedie almost entirely as hostess, and the owner of a unique flat in Devonshire House. Nevertheless, the parts I liked the best are the parts which deal with her own private life—the tragic loss of her sons and her ensuing loneliness; the fight she had to put up with herself if, the foundations upon which she had built her life being destroyed, she would save herself from being engulfed in the ruins. These pages are, so to speak, Mrs. Alec Tweedie alone in her lovely flat, and, from my own point of view, I preferred them infinitely to those other pages in which equally, so to speak, she throws open its front door for the famous to troop in in *herds*. So embarrassing, indeed, is the *richesse* at moments that on p. 74 she has to print the celebrities she entertained after the War in a solid block of sheer names. Some died, of course, later on; otherwise there would surely never have been room in our authoress's life to hold a single other "friend." Everybody who is anybody seems at one time or another to have entered the charmed circle. Some of them, it must be confessed, don't leave a much more engrossing memory behind them than Lord Meath who, years ago, having asked only for two boiled eggs, got something more like two hard-boiled bricks. Nevertheless the book gives a "talkie" close-up of them all, even when they are not doing anything very much and saying perhaps less. Yet in spite of so much that might well have been left out—including some almost embarrassingly flattering letters from readers of the writer's previous books, notes of thanks for dinners and luncheons, and lists of names and other social entertainments for which the sole *raison d'être* is that the authoress's name also figured in them—the book is very readable. One forgives, one even becomes amused by the manner in which almost every event mentioned turns upon the writer and thuswise into a complement of herself. It is all quite human—and you can always skip. But the parts you will not skip are the parts which deal with Mrs. Alec Tweedie's less social life, the glimpses she gives us of foreign lands, the interesting or amusing anecdotes which light up the book here and there and, more or less, all the way through. Although some of the philosophical remarks scattered throughout may strike you as being slightly superficial and sometimes palpably untrue to your own experience, for example: "What is love? Vanity. What is love? Conceit. What is love? Pap for the egoist" (I seem to have heard disillusioned school-girls talk in this strain)—these reminiscences are written with so much gusto that it is all rather like being entertained by a super-animated social party—"Who's Who" crammed into the Albert Hall.

* * *

An Excellent Mystery Story.

I am one of the very few who find it a penance to read crime thrillers. Detective stories have to be so well disguised that really they are not in that category at all if I am thoroughly to enjoy them. Real murders I always find infinitely more thrilling and dramatic than even the best fictitious ones. The conventions of mystery stories always bore me, I must confess. I hate the clean-limbed young Englishman who is always falsely accused, and I simply loathe the beautiful young English girl who invariably acts daft from the first chapter to the last, and ought never to be in the story at all. While the only man I would really like to murder is the amateur detective who so successfully out-ruses the best brains of a singularly obtuse Scotland Yard. Generally, too, such stories are so futile that when the final horror dawns I can only imagine that some under-housemaid's hair shows the least inclination to stand on end. However, I make a gallant exception of "Re-enter Sir John" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson. But this isn't really a "detective-cum-murder-story" at all. True, Sir John eventually tracks down the villain, who put aces up the sleeve of young Peter Varley so that it looked as if he had cheated at cards, and who really murdered old Mrs. Gale, although that too looked as if she had merely succumbed to a heart-attack; but apart from all this, he is such a well-drawn character, such an attractive portrait of social perfection in the Edwardian actor-manager manner, that he is in a class far above the amateur sleuth-hound of detective-story tradition. Even the less important characters of the story stand out as individuals and not merely novelists' types. Consequently, the whole plot has a most unusual life-like air about it. Moreover, the mystery of who tried to ruin the career of young Peter Varley,

(*Continued on p.* xxxiv)



Elwin Neame

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

The engagement has been announced of Mr. Dennis Becker, son of Sir Frederick and the late Lady Becker of Sutton Hall, Heston, and Miss Yvonne Cousins, the daughter of Mr. Stanley Cousins. The marriage will take place early in July next

A MIXED BAG OF PICTURES



AT THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. AND MRS. ERIC MARTIN-SMITH AT MUIRFIELD. MR. ERIC MARTIN-SMITH IS THE BRITISH AMATEUR EX-CHAMPION



AND ALSO AT MUIRFIELD: BRIG.-GENERAL A. C. CRITCHLEY AND COMMANDER AMCOTTS WILSON



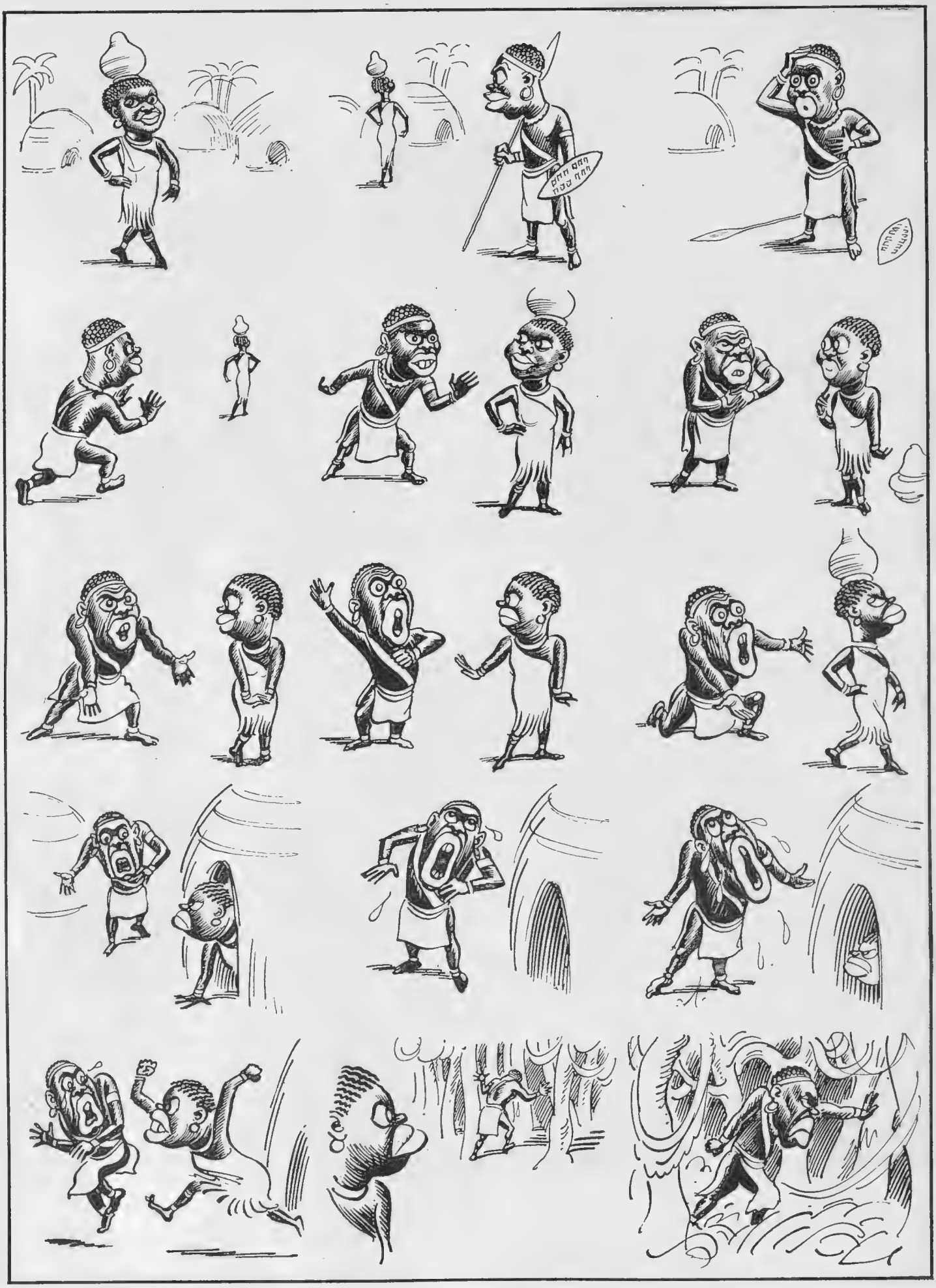
Hindle Higson

TWO FAMOUS MASTERS OF OTTERHOUNDS: MR. L. ROSE (EASTERN COUNTIES) AND SIR MAURICE BROMLEY-WILSON (KENDAL AND DISTRICT)



IN TOWN: MR. LYSAGHT AND MR. GODFREY WINN AT THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

The Amateur Golf Championship at Muirfield, Gullane, near Edinburgh, last week, at which the two top pictures were taken, was played in weather that the Scots call "snell" and "caller"—which may mean bright and cold—but the Sassenachs said it was something nippy. However the sun shone, and the famous links looked their best even if the greens are not yet as perfect as they might be. Mr. Eric Martin-Smith, the holder of the British Amateur Championship, was beaten, to everyone's dismay, by a new-comer from the U.S.A., Mr. Leonard Martin of Apawamis. Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley (Prince's, Sandwich) beat his old foeman, Commander Amcotts Wilson (Addington), 2 and 1. They have been drawn together three times in the Open Championships, and it has happened again this year. The two famous Otterhound Masters were taken at a recent meet near Kendal of the Kendal and District Hounds, of which Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson is Master. The East Counties pack are at present hunting in the North at the invitation of the Ribblesdale Otter Hunting Association. As to the other snapshot, Mr. Lysaght so well known in the lawn tennis world, and Mr. Godfrey Winn, the young author, were on the way to a "provincial" tournament when the camera got them



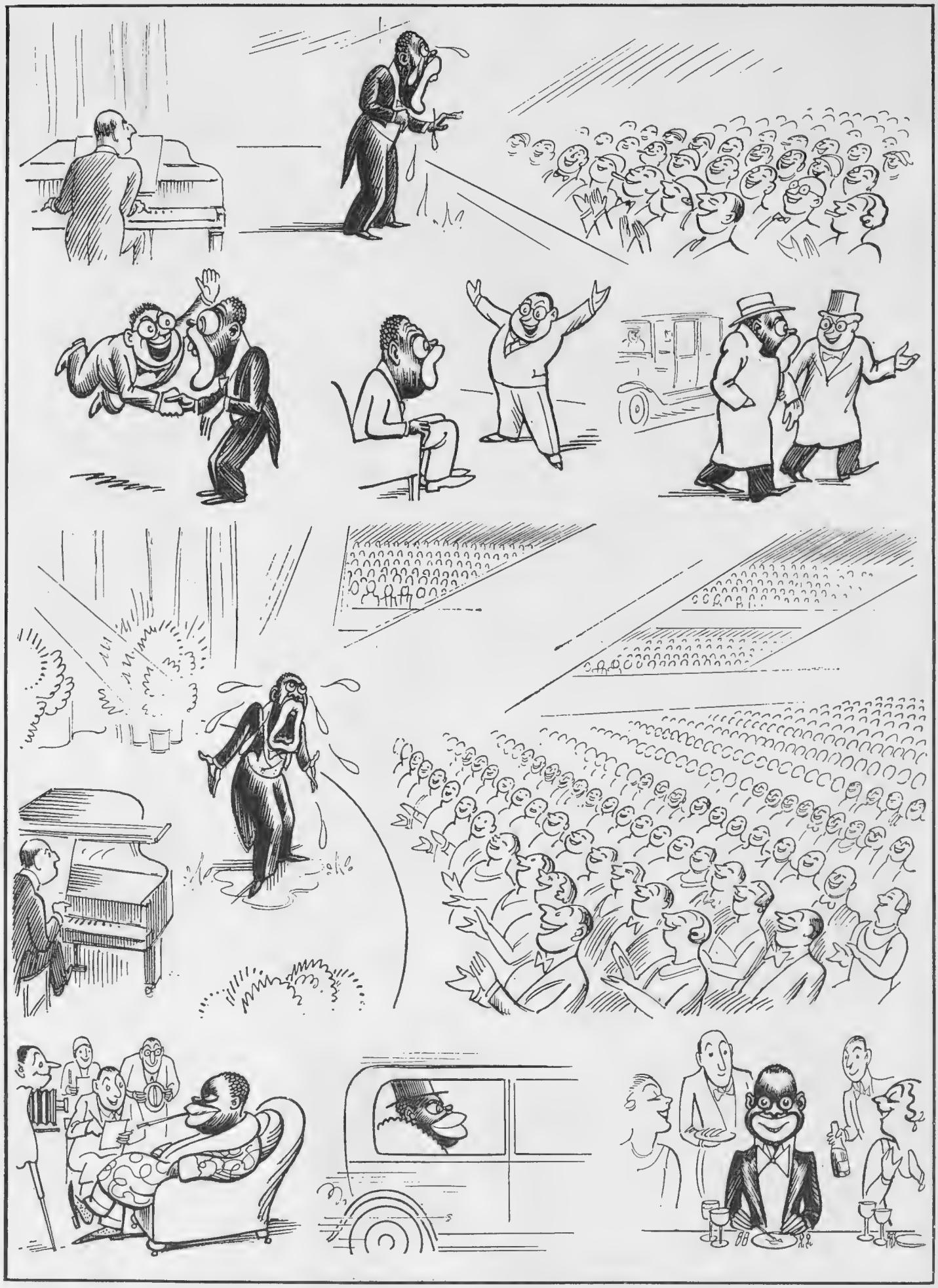
THE VOICE OF LOVE—I

By H. M. BATEMAN



THE VOICE OF LOVE—II

By H. M. BATEMAN



THE VOICE OF LOVE—III

By H. M. BATEMAN



THE VOICE OF LOVE—IV

By H. M. BATEMAN



THE SOMERIES HOUSE TEAM AT HURLINGHAM

The names, left to right, are: Major Philip Magor, Mr. Desmond Miller, Captain H. C. Walford, and the skipper, Sir Harold Wernher. They beat the Osmaston team (picture of team on p. xiv) in a friendly game on the second ground by 7 to 5. Major Philip Magor played as substitute for Mr. Humphrey Guinness

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

ON the Friday before they actually did open at Hurlingham (20th) it looked almost any odds against their being able to do so whatever happened at the better-supplied Ranelagh and Roehampton, as in the morning of that day, just when we were hugging ourselves with the belief that it was at last going to dry up, a regular cloud-burst happened and people who were out knocking the ball about at Ranelagh, for one example, got properly soused. Incidentally the Whitney Cup final at Hurlingham ought to have been finished off on the 21st, but at the time of writing they have not been able even to make a start. Last year, however, things were not much better, as the final was not played in this cup till June 11 (at Roehampton); it was supposed to start at Hurlingham on May 9, and didn't till the 11th, and then it had a rather spotty and delayed progress. Everything last year was washed clean out in the last part of May, so we are not really much worse off this year, and anyway we ought to be getting used to it by now.

* * *

The game on the Hurlingham second ground, which opened the ball, was only a friendly, but both Someries House (Sir Harold Wernher's) and Osmaston (Sir Ian Walker's) are pretty good sides. Sir Harold Wernher's team, which won this game 7 to 5 on, of course, a very heavy ground, was more or less the same as he had last year in both the Championship and Junior Championship, which latter it won, that is to say he has still got the two 17th/21st Lancers, Captain H. C. Walford and Mr. Desmond Miller, but not Mr. R. B. B. B. Cooke, and instead of Mr. F. G. B. Arkwright, his former back, he had Major Philip Magor as a substitute for Mr. Humphrey Guinness who was to have played. If Mr. Guinness is to be the "regular" I should think this side might go pretty well in the various coming tournaments, and even the Championship itself may not be beyond its reach—with Mr. Guinness I hasten to add. Unhappily that fine Merchiston side which won the Championship last year is not in the same formation this, for if it had been I should not have looked past it. It was Mr. Jack Traill, Captain J. F. Sanderson, Captain H. N. Scott-Robson, and Mr. H. P. Guinness, and it fairly and squarely gave the formidable Hurricanes the go-by. On that day it is only fair to add that the Hurricanes were only a "one-man" side—Captain Pat Roark—but a 6 to 4 win was good enough. Why I talk about Someries House and this year's Championship is because last year in the Championship they were only beaten 12 to 8 by the Hurricanes. Someries House went into action minus their skipper, the M.F.H., but taking a rough reckoning and allowing for the fact that the field this year is not likely to be anything like as hot a one as it was last year, I think they may go pretty well. After all, most of them know one another, which is a thing which counts.

* * *

On handicap, the Osmaston team were three goals stronger than Someries House, and so if I or anyone else thinks Someries House is likely to be in the money, so ought this team to be. But it is at the moment a bit newer than Sir Harold Wernher's braves. On figures its strength is this: Sir Ian Walker (3), Captain G. E. Prior Palmer (6), Captain C. T. I. Roark (10), and Major Jack Harrison (7). With our world's best and another unit, Captain Prior Palmer, who is a "near" best—at least I have always thought so—this team on paper is a rather warm order, especially as in the stern end is that rock of Gibraltar, Major Harrison, whose weight alone I think has stopped his playing for England. Sir Ian Walker is the type of enthusiast polo needs very badly, and I think it would do a lot of good to the game if Osmaston's number were in the top of the frame a few times this season. He has his own private ground at Osmaston, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, and he is, above all, the right age, that is to say that he has the best part of his polo life in front of him. Sir Ian Walker's great asset is that he is a good shot, and can, I think, be depended upon to fire the ammunition if it is handed up to him. With the people he has behind him, he ought to find it coming up all right. It was good to see Captain Pat Roark playing again and apparently none the worse for that smashing bad fall he got when playing at Del Monte, California, in March. The accounts we got of it were most alarming, and it sounded at the time as if it were quite as bad as Mr. Thackray's with Gregalach in the National. I see that there are some people who still will have it that Gregalach "stumbled and threw his rider"! Isn't it about time that these gents began to learn the difference between a "stumble" and a bustle over hairpins fall?

* * *

To his many friends, especially, and also to those who only just knew him, the news of poor Sadleir-Jackson's most untimely death in that motor accident in France, came as a bad shock indeed. To be killed that way after all the chances he had taken is almost the worst part of it. I can conceive of no less interesting way to go out than being killed by a motor car,

(Continued on p. xiv)



W. A. Rouch

AT RANELAGH: THE MERCHISTON TEAM

This team won the Colts' Cup, beating The Chinchillas (4½ start) by 13 to 7½. The names are: Mr. G. Madlener (who runs the team), Mr. J. A. E. Traill, Mr. H. H. Hughes, and Mr. D. E. Frost. This is not the Merchiston team which won the Championship last season



PERSONALITY PERSONIFIED

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Ever since that day in 1923 when this unusual personality made her appearance in a London theatre, in "The Dancers," England has considered that Tallulah has belonged more to her than to America. So it is good news to hear that London may probably see her again, playing in "Thunder Below"

TEES AND GEES

White's Club at Play and the Southern Command Show



WHITE'S CLUB GOLFERS AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH: LORD WESTMORLAND AND CAPTAIN E. MARTIN-SMITH (RIGHT)



SIR GEORGE PRESCOTT IN PLAY

A snapshot taken on the first tee during White's Club Tournament at Prince's Club, in which the Prince of Wales was competing. H.R.H. played exceedingly well and reached the quarter-finals



WELL MET ON THE GOLF-COURSE

Lady Alington, Lord Tennyson, Lord Lothian and Lady Astor at White's Club Golf Tournament, played at Prince's, Sandwich. Lord Tennyson was beaten 2 and 1 in the 3rd round by Captain Martin-Smith, who had previously accounted for Lord Westmorland



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

Talking to Mrs. MacIntyre at the Southern Command Horse Show, held in Tidworth Park. There was a big entry for the open jumping competition, won by Mr. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby on Chelsea. Miss B. Blackwell's Jack Tar was successful in the well supported heavy-weight hunters' class, and the light-weight award went to Miss Currie's Rupee



ALSO AT THE SOUTHERN COMMAND SHOW

Lieut.-General Sir James and Lady Babington and their daughter-in-law, Lady Anne Babington, formerly Lady Anne Egerton, whose baby girl was christened last week. Sir James Babington retired in 1919 after commanding the XIV Corps in the European War. Brigadier V. M. C. Napier, who commands the 3rd Division R.A., was formerly A.A.G. at the War Office



BRIGADIER AND MRS. NAPIER

MAY DAYS IN THE COUNTRY

Sunshine scenes in Norfolk and at Muirfield



Balmain

MERRIMENT AT MUIRFIELD: LEFT TO RIGHT—MR. REX HARTLEY, CAPTAIN PEPLOE, MR. T. A. BOURN, MISS PAMELA DEUCHAR AND MISS ZARA DEUCHAR

The picture above was taken during the early stages of the British amateur golf championship, of which Miss Deuchar and her sister were keenly interested spectators. Mr. Rex Hartley was handicapped in the first round by having broken his favourite driver, but won the match at the 19th. Captain Peploe went out to Mr. W. C. Carr 4 and 2.

Thickthorn, the attractive home of Mr. Russell Colman's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Colman, was the rendezvous for the group on the right. Mrs. Colman is Lady Strathcona's twin sister, and even their greatest friends find it difficult to tell them apart. Lord Clanfield, Lord Peel's clever only son, is now working in Lancaster, being concerned in the business owned by his grandfather, the late Lord Ashton. Mrs. Geoffrey Bridgeman was Miss Mary Talbot before her marriage



THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF NORFOLK

Mr. Russell Colman with his elder daughter, Mrs. Vivian Lockett, and his granddaughter, Jean Lockett, on his private landing-ground at Oulton Broad. Yacht-racing on the Broads is a favourite recreation of this very popular Norfolk personality, who is also a good shot, a fine fisherman and a noted collector of pictures, his examples of the Norfolk School being deservedly famous



A WEEK-END PARTY: MRS. LINDSAY DRUMMOND, LADY WILLIAM PERCY, LORD CLANFIELD, AND THE HON. MRS. GEOFFREY BRIDGEMAN WITH MR. AND MRS. ALAN COLMAN AT THEIR HOME NEAR NORWICH

Priscilla in Paris

IT is time, Très Cher, for me to bring out my annual jingle: The - summer - was - long - delayed - now - it 's - ninety - in - the - shade - and - you - long - to - be - arrayed - like - a - Scot - you - leave - your - mutton - chop and - you - gain - the - bus's - top - where - you - murmur - while - you - mop - ain't - it - 'ot! There! Habit makes slaves of us all! I 'm glad it 's off my conscience. My precious, goodness me, but we are having a scorcher an' no mistake! We feel like those little woolly dogs who have not yet been barbered for the summer, but we, alas! have not the doggy resource of—when out walking—suddenly flopping in a cool, wet gutter when the watering-carts go by!

The other afternoon during the Press performance of a new revue, somewhat warmly named *Sex Appeal Paris* 32, at the Casino de Paris, we simply floundered and gasped for breath; this was, of course, partly due to the spectacle on the stage and also to the fact that not only every available seat in the boxes, stalls, and balconies was occupied, but that extra chairs had been placed in every gangway—a criminal habit that we have in this city when demand exceeds supply—and in the promenade the people who fainted from the heat remained propped up against their neighbours till they could be handed out over the heads of the crowd! At the interval we returned thanks for the sliding roof of which the Casino boasts; we had the illusion of a little fresh air, although the sun blazed down upon us and unkindly showed up the havoc, wrought by the heat, on complexions that had been rose-red and lily-white when they started out earlier in the afternoon. Oh for a summer-and-crowd-proof "make-up" and a lip-stick warranted not to melt on the slightest provocation! Perhaps Mme. Colette, who is to open an Institut de Beauté very shortly, will provide us with these most urgently required necessities of life!

The Casino revue adheres pretty closely to the usual formula: acrobatic dancers, the "original sixteen" Jackson boys and girls, the Bigiarelli ballerinas, Lysana and the Russian dancers (in a wonderful and weird ballet that proposes to represent perpetual movement); two clever duettists (after the manner of Layton and Johnston) hideously named "Pills and Tabet"; some marvellous roller-skaters (the Three Whirlwinds); and that amusing youth, Charpini, who is a very Barbette amongst singers. He has a lovely voice, and his female impersonations are amazingly clever. His song "*J'ai la voix d'une fille mais les goûts d'un garçon*" is well worth hearing several times—and we did! Paul Colin's scenery, of the Impressionist and Synthetic school, provides for puzzled discussion; the music—that actually included "musical fragments" Darius Milhaud and Honneger, as well as most of the recent night-club song hits—was brilliantly played by M. Mahieux's orchestra; and, to top off everything, the show was led by Marie Dubas, who is the finest artiste of the music-hall stage in Paris. She has an irresistible appeal to the masses and yet she pleases the more subtle demands of the cognoscenti. She is the Yvette Guilbert of her day, and can sing such riotous nonsense as "Pedro"—a song that the *populaires* still clamour for after having heard it for the last three years—and yet can move one profoundly with "*Quand je danse avec toi*" and various delightful old folk-songs and Canadian "chanties," or that exquisite little poem by Francis Carco, *Le Caboulot*. As well as giving us a big selection of her répertoire, Marie Dubas appears in two sketches, one dramatic and the other broadly comic, that allow her to show her versatility as an actress. Don't miss seeing her when next you are over here.

Les heures se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas! My sultry afternoon at the Casino was followed by a cool and pleasant evening at the beautiful and spacious concert-hall of the Salle Pleyel. I went to hear Walter Rummel's first recital since his recent return from Africa following his European tour: travels and concerts that have kept him busy since February. He played some of the most beautiful pages of Bach, Liszt, and Chopin; a long and varied programme, and yet the audience was insatiable, and at the end of the concert remained seated demanding more. Little by little, in the manner that has somehow become a tradition at the Rummel recitals, the audience rose and moved forwards, crowding into the gangways and open space below the platform, edging, by degrees, closer and closer to the performer. Ten times he played in answer to the urgent demand, and amongst these "encores" he gave us both the *Polonaise Héroique* and the *Polonaise Militaire*; we clamoured for his *Tango de la Mort* of his own composition . . . and were given it; and he played, also, two of Liszt's pianoforte "arrangements" of *Die Valküre*. Even then I do not think we would have let him go had the lights of the hall not been extinguished, and a decisive onslaught made by the attendants with dust-sheets.

The other afternoon I went to the cocktail-party given by Mrs. Rummel at their new flat on the Quai d'Auteuil, where, overlooking the river, they have a wide balcony that, at this time of the year, is the coolest place in Paris; but the telling of this party must, for lack of space, remain over till next week. Love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



Studio Pias

MARIE DUBAS

The star of "Sex-Appeal 1932," the new Casino Revue. Mlle. Dubas might be described as the Yvette Guilbert of her generation: quicksilver and charm allied with sentiment, and a dash of the *risqué* to pepper the mixture



Clarence Sinclair Bull

RENÉE ADORÉE

The French film star who has shone brilliantly in many American pictures. Dark-haired and blue-eyed, Mlle. Adorée possesses that *verve* which is the birth-right of her country-women, plus a perfect figure

CELEBRITIES OFF DUTY



MISS GLORIA SWANSON AND HER HUSBAND, MR. MICHAEL FARMER, AT JUAN LES PINS

The last picture in which London saw Gloria Swanson was "To-night or Never," at the Tivoli, in the Strand. She wore some marvellous frocks for which the designer had to think six months ahead and gamble upon their being up to date. That is the difference beween frock-designing for the stage and the film; you can alter in the former case, but in the latter the celluloid record six months or more ahead is apt to cramp your style.



MISS GEORGIA GRAVES AND ONE OF HER SHELTIES

Miss Georgia Graves, who knows quite a lot about it, has started a Shetland-pony breeding stud at Livry, near Paris, and will probably do very well with it, for they are most attractive. The Phœnicians first imported them to the Shetlands, hoping to make a living, but they had a tough row to hoe with the Hielan' men. Miss Graves will be Mistinguette's partner in a new Paris revue

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



A SONG OF SEXPENCE: FRANK LAWTON AS A PIERROT-REDEEMER, BEATRIX THOMSON AS A REDEMPTION-HATER

To the Unknown Murderer



DICKENSIAN: MURIEL AKED, CATHLEEN NESBITT

MURDERS cause more high-falutin' talk than anything except relativity, the subconscious mind, or the sex-outlook of rectors. The relatives of any convicted murderer can expect dozens of conflicting theories to be thrown into books and table-talk about the character of their near departed. Some of the theories must be remarkably wide of the mark.

Circumstance once caused me to sit through a murder case at the Old Bailey. A vital woman was on trial for her life. She was distraught, but physical magnetism still drifted around her. Letters showed that this magnetic current had been short-circuited. Bored with a dull life, she had made her dull husband its resented symbol; and she had provoked a lusty, chivalrous, stupid youth into killing him.

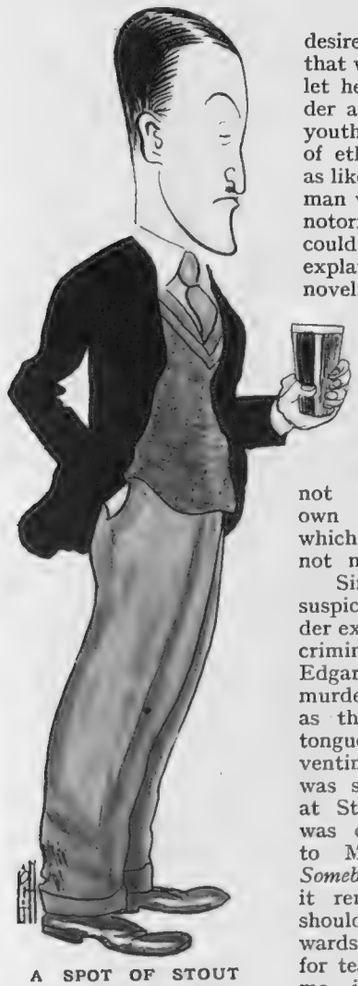
The youth seemed likable, and never more so than when, in the witness-box, he faced a clever Solicitor-General. He had before him copies of the woman's letters, which he patently pretended to consult while gaining time to think out plausible answers. Always his answers aimed at defending his tense colleague in the dock.

The woman went into the box. Always her answers aimed at defending herself alone. One of them stretched beyond the fact at issue to incriminate the youth, so that she could score a small point for herself. The Solicitor-General made an able pause, and sent a look at the jury. Somebody in the spectators' gallery hissed. I told myself, at this moment, that she would be found guilty. When the vans stopped before the Old Bailey next day the woman was booed, but a few faint cheers were aimed at the youth. The woman, after sentence of hanging had been pronounced on both, made throaty noises before faltering that she was not guilty. The tall youth with the drawn face remarked that he was no common assassin, but gave louder emphasis to his statement that the woman was innocent.

I left court with the strong belief that the woman had not been privy to the murder as actually committed; that, but for her long incitement, it never would have been committed; that much of the incitement was psychological play-acting, but as much came from personal cowardice blended with



ADOLESCENCE: LEWIS SHAW AS A MALVINETTI



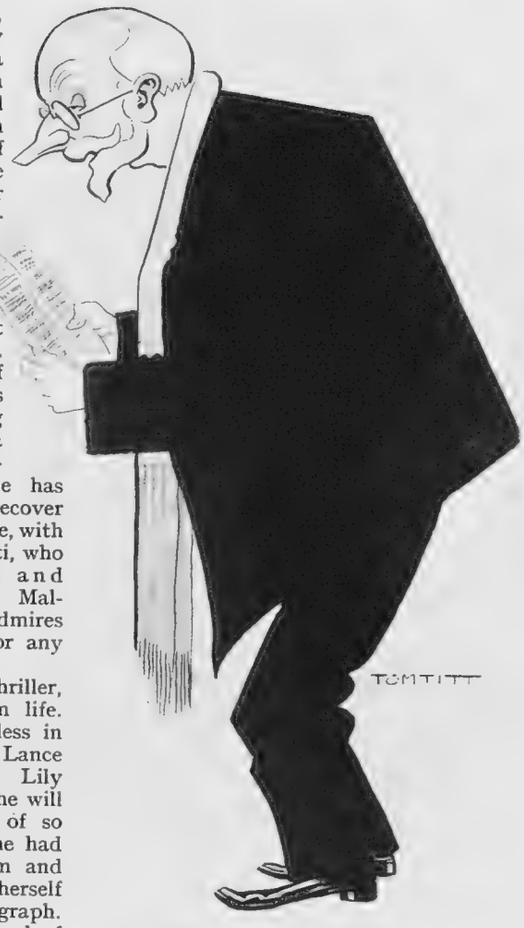
A SPOT OF STOUT AND BLACKMAIL: PATRICK MOORE

desire for dramatic murder; and that while she might never have let herself face in advance murder as an immediate fact, if the youth had to hang, on a point of ethics so should she. I was as likely to be wrong as the next man who minutely watched the notorious trial, but each of us could shrug our shoulders over explanations offered by certain novelists and psychologists about the woman's motives. They stressed the sexual histrionics, but totally ignored the cowardice which made her provoke an easy lover into taking responsibility for a death she wanted but dared not bring about with her own hands—a survived fear which the listening jury could not miss.

Since then I have been suspicious of all experts on murder except intelligent detectives, criminal law barristers, and Edgar Wallace, who studied murderers at first hand and not as the scribes (and kept his tongue in his cheek while inventing thriller-mechanics). I was suspicious of the novelist at St. Martin's Theatre, who was didactic in the prologue to Mr. John van Druten's *Somebody Knows*. He thought it remarkable that one killer should have slain, and afterwards sat down to eat shrimps for tea. His theorisings pushed me into a frame of mind in which I could regard murder in terms of Mr. George Grossmith's old song—

> I murdered her last Wednesday.
> I don't think I did wrong—
> She wasn't wanted on this earth,
> She 'd been around too long.

Mr. van Druten then faded us and the prosy novelist out, and put us at grips with the convincing people in his first act. Mother Malvinetti, Yorkshire by birth but *bel canto* by former career, is among family and lodgers in a Kennington room with flowered wall-paper and an oleograph view of Rome. Lance Perkins, the star lodger, is a summer Pierrot who, in winter, pays his rent when he can get guineas at smoking concerts. He gives most of the rest of his time to redeeming Lily Coles, a young street-walker whom he has brought home to recover from illness. These, with Eunice Malvinetti, who wants Lance, and young Harcourt Malvinetti, who admires him, are alive for any audience.



IN PRAISE OF FAUST: LAWRENCE HANRAY

Here is no thriller, but a slice from life. The interest is less in whether it was Lance who murdered Lily than in whether he will be found guilty of so doing, and why he had wanted to reform and marry her. Lily herself is a clearer photograph. She is not ashamed of having earned her living at the only trade she understands. She is grateful to Lance in a casual way, but unwilling to accept, as he does, unpaid keep from the Malvinettis. She will not take him seriously; she senses that he doesn't desire her much, but that he gets a kick out of reforming somebody young with a prostitute's past. So, to pay her lodging and escape the dullness of reformation, she creeps out at night to hawk herself.

Her strangulation provides the problem of likely motive versus a credible coincidence. Somebody unknown could have done the murder, although it happened a few hours after Lance had found out her deceptions. If Lance did not do the strangling, why disappear for five days, and return to risk arrest only when starving? The defending K.C., dining with the novelist while the case is on, explains his client's queer nature by saying that he is both a bit of a Galahad and an imaginary Casanova. He was drawn to street-walkers, but only talked with them. The K.C. believes in Lance's innocence, and obtains acquittal by proving that an unknown could have been the murderer; but he recognises that his client has been holding something back.

What this might be is not suggested until the play proper has ended. You are carried from a gripping scene—the Malvinettis waiting at the Old Bailey for a verdict—to an epilogue showing the prologue-theorists discussing the murder eight years later. And at once you are made conscious of being in a theatre, after forgetting it through three acts (which is one test of a good play). The ten final minutes are given to talk about how somebody somewhere, perhaps in

(*Continued on p.* xxxii)



CONVERSATION PIECE: MALCOLM KEEN AND EDGAR NORFOLK DISCUSS STRANGLING

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



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A "WAGNER" LUNCH AND SOME CELEBRITIES OFF DUTY



AT THE SAVOY "WAGNER" LUNCHEON: FRAU FRIEDRICH SCHORR, MR. FRED GAISBERG AND MR. HUGH WALPOLE—THE FAMOUS AUTHOR



HERR LAURITZ MELCHIOR AND MLLE. MARIA OLSZEWSKA



HERR FRIEDRICH SCHORR AND FRAU MELCHIOR



MRS. DRUSILLA BLOIS, HERR FRITZ WOLFF AND FRAU FRIEDRICH SCHORR

This luncheon at the Savoy was held in connection with the Wagner series of operas at Covent Garden, in which many of the celebrities in these pictures have added very considerably to their already brilliant reputations. Mlle. Olszewska, who is no stranger to us, has again cast a spell over us by her singing of Fricka in "Rheingold," and Herr Fritz Wolff was also a success as Loge, more pronouncedly so than he was as Walther in "Die Meistersinger." Olszewska's Brangäne in "Tristan und Isolde" is perhaps her biggest triumph of the festival. Herr Lauritz Melchior has given us some truly magnificent performances as Siegfried and Tannhäuser, the former being rated by common consent his greatest achievement. Another wonderful performance has been Herr Friedrich Schorr's Dutchman in "Der Fliegende Holländer"—a quite remarkable performance. The snapshot at the bottom was taken when Mr. and Mrs. Derek Oldham had a week-end "operatic" party at their pretty house, The Thatch Cottage, at Sunningdale

Photographs by Sasha



MR. AND MRS. DEREK OLDHAM (WINNIE MELVILLE) AND HERR LAURITZ MELCHIOR AT THATCH COTTAGE, SUNNINGDALE

THE SPECKLED TROUT



By
RICHARD KEVERNE

I HAVE very good reason to remember that speckled trout. It was on the day I bought it that I was held up in a fog in Epping Forest and thought I was going to be robbed of about five hundred pounds' worth of my Aunt Muriel's family silver.

I was bringing it from her Suffolk place. She was going away and shutting the house up for the winter, and because the silver was coming to me when she died she said I 'd better take it back in the car and put it in my own bank, and then if anything went wrong I 'd only have myself to blame.

It was a bore, but she 'd rather got me ; and it really was fine stuff. So we packed it in a big suit-case and I started early after lunch, because it looked foggy, and if a wretched back tyre hadn't given trouble I suppose I should never have seen the trout.

But it did ; the tyre, I mean. Though, happily, it collapsed with a savage hiss right in Penham village main street. And while the local garage was mending it I wandered across the road to watch a country auction-sale. And that was where I saw the trout.

It was about the worst-painted fish I had ever seen. A ridiculous thing, spotted like a leopard, so huge and so badly done that I determined that I must have it to give to Ford Carey, who is a keen fly-fisherman, a big authority on pictures, and a dealer, in a superior way, in antiques.

Carey and I were at Cambridge together, but he had taken to art and I to the law. He had made the greater success of life, for he had admitted early that he was a rotten painter but a good judge of pictures and antiques, while I still clung to my chambers in Burke Court. It would be rather fun, I thought, to ring up Ford that night and say : " Look here, old lad ; I 've bought a masterpiece of a painting for ten pounds," and wait for the disgust on his face when he saw it.

As a matter of fact, after a brisk duel with the local publican, I bought the trout for five-and-six, which was a good deal more than the thing was worth, as a work of art.

Then I shoved off and drove hard, and just past Chelmsford I ran into a brute of a fog, clammy and patchy.

It was a mile or so beyond Ongar, just as the light was going and it was the very devil to see the road at all, that the hold-up happened.

Some fool behind suddenly switched on blazing headlights and dazzled me, almost shaved my off running-board, making me pull up sharp as he swung across straight ahead ; and the next thing I knew was that the fool was out of his car, had pulled open my door, and was pointing a pistol at me.

Before I had time to be scared I cursed him.

All he said was : " If you don't keep your mouth shut, I 'll shut it for ever. Now, then, get out." And he said it in a very unpleasant way.

He was a dark, beefy sort of fellow who looked as if he wanted a shave badly, but beyond that, and that he was dressed like a chauffeur, frankly, at the moment, I couldn't remember much. Except, perhaps, his voice, which was soft and silky.

I began to bluster till he shoved the pistol right into my face ; then I surrendered. And by God's good grace, just at that moment along came a couple of these new traffic policemen. And let me tell you I never felt so glad in all my life as when I saw my gunman give one look at their headlights and hare for his own car. He was off and lost in the fog in a couple of seconds. And then I had to tell the bobbies all about it.

I 'll say for those bobbies that they were a bright couple of lads. They didn't waste much time with me : just took my name and address, asked me to report at my nearest police-station when I got home, said that they 'd had suspicions about my gunman's car and had been following it for some miles. Then they spurted off into the fog to see if they could catch him, and I jogged on after them.

I didn't see them again that night, but they told me at the Bridewell Police Station, when I looked in, that they 'd telephoned to say they 'd lost my gunman, and I reckoned that was that, and I was pretty lucky to have got off as well as I did.

(*Continued on p.* 398)



"I BEGAN TO BLUSTER TILL HE SHOVED THE PISTOL RIGHT INTO MY FACE; THEN I SURRENDERED. AND BY GOD'S GOOD GRACE, JUST AT THAT MOMENT ALONG CAME A COUPLE OF THESE NEW TRAFFIC POLICEMEN."

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

BY

"SABRETACHE"



Mitchell Laing

FISHING ON THE ESK

The bit of the river where this picture was taken belongs to Lord and Lady Airlie and is the south part. In the group are (left to right) Mr. Porchine, Captain G. Knight, Mr. Lindsay Brown (who is Secretary of the Leicester Aero Club) and Mr. W. L. Everard, M.P., who is Deputy Lieutenant of Leicestershire and also President of the Leicester Aero Club

BEING one of Mr. Vernon Bartlett's ardent admirers, and his B.B.C. talks being almost the only things to which I listen bar the news, it gave me a jolt to hear him, the most pacific of League of Nations Secretaries, predicting bloody war in the East, to be followed by an even more bloody world war. If I understood correctly, the sequence of events was something like this: (1) Japan v. China; (2) Japan v. China and Bolshevikia; and (3), if Japan wins, America v. Japan; or (4), if Bolshevikia won, a general onset; but Mr. Bartlett did not indicate who against which. Supposing (1) came true and the League of Nations proved yet once more incapable of stopping the Donnybrook, isn't there something else far more potent than anything they can concoct at Geneva—£ s. d.? Would not the stopping of all credits freeze even the hottest fire-eaters? Neither of the powers in (1) or even in (2) would be able to afford a war for any length of time unless on international borrowing. Supposing every other nation with any money to lend buttoned up its pockets? War between Japan and America has been talked about so often that I suppose we ought to begin to believe that the General Staffs of these two countries are really blithering idiots. I am sure that they are not. Supposing it happened. One side or the other would have to obtain absolute command of the sea before anything else could happen. America might lose the Philippines, but what then? The naval war would be waged on longer lines of communication than America's naval war staff would consider worth while. They would not be at all comfortable about what would happen to their wounded ships even in the event of a victory, after which the Japanese fleet might be driven back, perhaps in disorder, on its own far more convenient bases. Is it possible to visualise—the naval forces being so near equality—a complete destruction of the Japanese above-the-water fleet? And even if this can be visualised, there is the below-water fleet to be considered by any victorious and pursuing enemy. And then there is the matter of protection for the large fleet of transports bringing the troops which are to conquer Japan. As I have just said, I have never believed that either the American or Japanese General Staffs are composed entirely of congenital idiots. A war between two countries with such a big ditch between them, even in these days of improved weapons—the air weapon not the least of them—does not read like a sane proposition!

To sum up:—Japan v. Russia—a certain and easy win for Japan, because Russia cannot fight on such long lines of communication. This was proved, other things quite apart, by the inefficiency and corruption in the Russian Army in the Russo-Japanese campaign of 1904.

Japan v. China alone—a win for Japan at a price that cannot be worth it.

Japan v. America—presuming one or other or both of the other campaigns had materialised—absurd! War between people with pistols at ten paces is always an unhappy possibility—with brickbats at half a mile it is just a silly waste of energy and temper. Also, if Japan had been compelled to fight either one or other of the two previous campaigns, America would find nothing left to fight.

* * *

ALthough, like a good many other people I know, my own idea is that there are only two situations in which to see a pack of fox-hounds—(1) when they have got a good fox in front of them over a line of country which entitles you to help yourself and you have fairly worked your passage; and (2) on the flags in kennel—it will be a great occasion for anyone who has never seen a pack of hounds at all to do it at Olympia this year. It is hardly to be expected that the average London audience will regard them as anything but a nice bunch of spotted dogs gleefully wagging their tails and accompanied by some nice fresh-looking chaps in red coats and mounted on some very pretty horses with nice long tails; but it is all to the good, I think, that various famous packs of hounds are going to be sent into the ring at London's greatest circus. I am afraid that it may not be possible to stage a fox-hunt with an electric

(Continued on p. VIII)



THE IDOL OF THE TRACK: LORD BURGHLEY

A snapshot just after Lord Burghley had won the 120-yards Hurdles at the recent International Athletic Contests at the White City. The German representative in the 120-yards Hurdles was Herr T. Tosebach. Lord Burghley was formerly in the Grenadier Guards

Are your children as boisterous and high spirited as healthy children should be, or is it sometimes the other way about? Do they fight shy of going for walks or complain of feeling tired just a little sooner than you expected? Isn't it, then, just possible that it's their shoes that are handicapping them?

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BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A well-known Harley Street specialist was taking a well-earned rest, and stayed in a little off-the-map inn in Cornwall. After he had been there a few days he was awakened in the night by the landlord of the inn, who said that his wife had been taken ill very suddenly. The doctor naturally said he would do what he could, and, upon examination, found that she was suffering from acute appendicitis and that he must operate at once. He therefore performed the operation, and the next day the landlord asked him what he owed him.

"Well," said the doctor, "if I were not on holiday that would be a pretty expensive matter for you, but in the circumstances I 'll just charge you a couple of guineas." The landlord thereupon went out of the room and returned a few moments later with two bottles on a tray. "Sorry, Sir," he said, "but I seem to be out of Guinness'; but would a couple of Worthingtons do?"

* * *

A school-master in clerical orders had spent the last days of term in setting and correcting examination papers. On the first Sunday of the holidays he had occasion to read the Ten Commandments in church, and added, from sheer force of habit: "Only six of these need be attempted."

* * *

Pat had a bulge on his chest under his shirt, and in reply to a friend's question, he replied: "It 's a joke I 've got on Casey. Every time he sees me he hits me on the chest, and he has broken my pipe several times. This lump is dynamite, and the next time he bangs that he 'll blow his fingers off."

* * *



Kay Vaughan

MISS ROSEMARY AMES (MRS. BERTIE MEYER)

Miss Rosemary Ames, whose home-town is Chicago, where her mother lives, is playing in "See Naples and Die," at the Little Theatre. She had her first London success in "Late Night Final." She was married in January last to Mr. Bertie Meyer, who is so well known in the theatre world of London



Bertram Park.

(Left) THE MARCHESA MALACRIDA ("MR. LEWIS HOPE")

The Marchesa's play, "Cheque Mate," was due on the 25th May at the Kingsway, with Miss Ruby Miller in a leading part

THE school-children had just returned from the summer holidays, and one of their first tasks was to write an essay on their holiday. To her great surprise, the teacher found that one boy had spelt a difficult name like Aberystwith correctly. She called him in front of the class and said: "Now, Tommy, spell Aberystwith."

"I can't," said Tommy.

"But you 've written it in your essay," she protested.

"I know," said Tommy, "but I 've eaten my rock now."

* * *

A woman boarded a tramcar, followed by several children. When the conductor came along to collect the fares he counted the children—the number was twelve.

"Excuse me, Madam," he said to the woman, "but are all these yours, or is it a picnic?"

The woman glared at him. "Yes," she snapped, "these are all mine—and it 's no picnic!"

* * *

A business man who had an important telephone-call to put through finally interrupted a feminine conversation which seemed liable to continue indefinitely.

"Here," snapped one of the women indignantly, "what line do you think you 're on, anyway?"

"Well," replied the business man, "I 've come to the conclusion that I must be on the clothes-line."

* * *

A suburban shop-keeper wrote to a London firm of wholesale dealers ordering a fresh supply of goods to be sent immediately to his shop.

The following morning he received a wire from the wholesaler's, which read: "Cannot send goods until last consignment paid for."

The retailer immediately returned another wire: "Cancel order. Cannot wait so long."



MISS HARRIET HOCTOR, OF "BOW BELLS"

The beautiful ex-Ziegfeld Folly who has been in this good show all throughout at the Hippodrome and has danced herself into the front rank of London's favour. Miss Hoctor, Binnie Hale, Nelson Keys and André Randall are the big bells and it is a pity that at long last it has been decided to take "Bow Bells" off

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AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Household Brigade.

ONCE more the Household Brigade Flying Club, at Heston Airport, has provided a superlatively good air meeting, a paragon of pageants. The people as well as the machines may be said to have been of the high performance, if not always of the streamlined, type. Even the weather attempted to co-operate with Mr. R. L. Preston, the Hon. Secretary of the Club and organiser of the event, and to look pleasant. Only a few drops of rain fell, and the clouds kept high enough. So that on the one hand, as the political speakers say, we had the old evolutions of new and interesting aircraft and the new and interesting evolutions of old aircraft, and on the other hand, we had a gathering that was titular, blue-bloody, and often photogenic.

The performances of the Hawker Fury and the Fairey Firefly, the first flown by Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth and the second by Mr. C. S. Staniland, were remarkably good. Flight-Lieut. Stainforth's inverted "S" turns when coming in to land were made with the perfection of ordinary turns and were a most effective final manœuvre. His inverted falling leaf is also striking and gained in interest through being done in an aircraft with the speed of the Fury. Then there was the mock combat between Flight-Lieut. Christopher Clarkson in a Moth and Mr. R. A. C. Brie in an autogiro. This showed that the autogiro has possibilities as a service aircraft. Otherwise the event was reminiscent of a cat-and-dog fight, the cat sitting up and spitting and the dog rushing round it and occasionally dashing in for a bite. Mr. J. E. Harrison, of the Grenadier Guards, won the Gwynn Madocks landing competition for the second year in succession. Lord Darling, Lord Portarlington, Miss Margaret Whigham were there, as well as the more regular attenders of aerial events. Sir John Salmond presented the Madocks Cup. The President of the Household Brigade Flying Club is Major-Gen. A. B. E. Cator, and Lord Gort is the Chairman.



SIR ROBERT GEORGE MAXWELL THROCKMORTON, THE HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM, AND MR. DONALD BOYD—AT HESTON

This group was also snap-shotted at the "Morning Post" cross-country air race. Sir Robert Throckmorton was formerly in the Grenadiers. The Hon. Eileen Brougham is Lord Brougham's sister

Cross-Country Race.

Mr. F. R. Walker's victory in the Cross-Country Air Race for the *Morning Post* Cup at Heston was the result of a brilliant piece of flying in really bad weather. Mr. Walker has not been flying for long—he has done less than 250 hours—and his Puss Moth was bought from Brian Lewis only a few days before the race. But he proved himself a born navigator by his wonderful performance over the sealed course. Mr. J. Grierson and Mr. G. Baillie were second and third, while Miss Spooner, after arriving at the aerodrome second, was disqualified from holding a place, to the intense disappointment of everyone who had been hoping that she was going to win. Mr. Jackaman was also disqualified from a place. Seventeen competitors got round the course, finding their way as they went through visibility which was at times reduced almost to nothing. The start was a most interesting part of the contest, for the competitors, when the starter's flag fell, were given a map with the turning-points marked on it and also slips showing the nature of the turning-point markings and the order in which they were to be passed. Widely different methods were adopted. Some spent anything up to eight or ten minutes working out their course before starting; others set off at once. Mr. H. G. Selfridge Jr. went away almost at once, after one quick look at his map. Miss Spooner glanced at her map and then sprinted to her aeroplane from the table where she received the starting-signal.



MRS. FRED STANLEY IN "THE TATLER" 'PLANE, AND THE HON. LEO RUSSELL—AT HESTON

At the "Morning Post" great cross-country air race. It was won by Mr. F. R. Walker, in a Puss Moth, with an average speed of 108¼ m.p.h. Miss Winifred Spooner, who looked like winning, was second, but was disqualified for going the wrong side of the arrows at the finish—cruelly hard luck. Her average speed was 108 m.p.h.

The Successes.

At the start the weather was good at Heston, but soon afterwards it deteriorated, and in the afternoon rain began to fall and the gas-holder on the far side of the aerodrome began to disappear in the mist. Many people wisely turned back after trying the first leg of the course; for it was clear at once that only the most skilful and most determined pilots were going to get through. Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, methodical as ever, was reported at the first turn forging rapidly ahead. Soon after, however, he had trouble and was forced to land. Further trouble delayed him for a long time at Norwich. But, with the finest good sportsmanship, he continued the course and completed it, although his mechanical troubles had taken from him any chance of an award.

Mr. Selfridge's system of working out his course in the air and apparently guessing the angles seemed to work well, for he arrived soon after the winner, the sixth machine home, although fourth in official placing, having picked up his handicap time. Sir Kenneth Crossley completed the course in his Moth, a really fine performance when it is considered that he has had less than 100 hours' flying experience. Mr. G. Baillie, who took third place, is also a relatively new pilot, his experience being less than 100 hours. He was the only pilot to carry wireless-receiving apparatus.

The Hon. M. Hachisuka, of the Japanese Embassy, made a sporting effort in his Moth. The weather defeated him near the end and he forced-landed somewhere in the Hampstead Heath district. But he later took off again and managed to find Heston. Others who succeeded in getting back were Flying Officer E. C. T. Edwards, Mr. H. C. Mayers,

(*Continued on p.* xviii)



THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JUNE, 1932

1st to 10th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Epsom Summer Meeting. The Derby Stakes.
Golf. Ladies' Open Championship (Saunton).
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Cricket. Cambridge U. v. Sussex (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Lancs. (Oxford).

2nd **Racing.** Epsom Summer Meeting.
Golf. Ladies' Open Championship (Saunton).
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Cricket. Norfolk v. All India (Norwich).

3rd **Racing.** Epsom Summer Meeting. The Oaks Stakes.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Motoring. Junior Car Club 1000 Miles Race (Brooklands).

4th **Eton Celebrations.**
Racing. Kempton Park.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Motoring. Junior Car Club 1000 Miles Race (Brooklands).
Athletics. County Championships.
Greyhound Racing. Grand National Final (White City).
Motor Cycle Speedway Racing. England v. Australia (Stamford Bridge).

6th **Racing.** Birmingham and Lewes Meetings.

6th cont. **Golf.** Open Championship (Sandwich).
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia).
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races (Isle of Man).

7th **Racing.** Birmingham and Lewes Meetings.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Three Counties Agricultural (Gloucester).
Golf. Open Championship (Sandwich).

8th **Alexandra Day.**
Racing. Newbury Meeting.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Three Counties Agric. (Gloucester). Essex Agric. Soc. (Colchester).
Golf. Open Championship (Sandwich).
Rowing. May Week (Cambridge).
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races (Isle of Man).
Cricket. Cambridge U. v. All India (Cambridge).

9th **Racing.** Newbury Meeting.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Horse Show (Richmond). Essex Agric. Soc. (Colchester). Three Counties Agricultural (Gloucester).

10th **Racing.** Gatwick and Chepstow Meetings.
Shows. Leicester Agric. Soc. (Leicester). Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Horse Show (Richmond).
Golf. Open Championship (Sandwich).
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races (Isle of Man).

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By W. G. ASTON

The Glutton.

I'M afraid there is no doubt about it, and the public exposure has come at last. No, it would perhaps be more truthful to say the latest of a series of public exposures. And the worst of it is that I am in no posture for retaliation. Just glance at the mess that that brilliantly versatile genius, Signor Autori, has made of me, and then you will understand how I wish that just for one issue I could usurp the place of my excellent friend, Alan Bott, and say what I think of him. Cruelly, however, as he has treated me, I would content myself with chucking bouquets at him. In his dressing-room at the Coliseum and to the accompaniment of rehearsal strains, did *Casanova*, complete in pearl-decked white satin breeks that not even an American would wear on a golf course, execute this appalling caricature of me. That several persons—I can call them nothing better—at the office declared it was a "speaking likeness," I pass by, for often such sentiments are founded in mere jealousy.



Unhappily, however, I was present (though my back was turned) when one who was quite old enough to have known much better, drily observed, "It is the face of a glutton." That sort of thing comes as a crushing blow to anyone who for five consecutive years has been "on a diet." And it caught me in a raw spot, for only a few days before my oldest and best-tested man friend, after a long contemplative silence, had coldly asserted, "Wilfred, you are to be numbered amongst the greatest of Road-Hogs; and even in its lowest sense I salute notability." That was just because having driven 100 miles to lunch at his house, and having the return journey to do in the evening, I insisted upon spending the afternoon in another fifty miles of exploration. And Mrs. P. V. had rather foolishly admitted that 820 miles stood on the "clock" as the result of pottering about at Whitsun.

Well, I suppose I am a glutton and a road-hog withal, in the (I hope) nicer applications of these terms, for the truth is that I simply cannot have too much of motoring, and of this I plead guilty to being as much a gourmand as a gourmet. All sorts of cars come into my lucky hands, and some are, of course, a great deal better than others, but I can't deny that I get an immense amount of enjoyment out of them all; for an indifferent car (not that there are many of them nowadays) can take one to an anything but indifferent *terrain*, and searching the files of my memory, I cannot recall a single instance in which there were grounds for grumbling at both the means and the end. As to which particularly appeals to me I would not pretend to be able to analyse; and you will very properly note that the hog "gollops with zest" all that he finds in the trough. Actually I don't go quite so far as that, for I must admit that some of the monotonous by-passes bore me stiff. So far as I am concerned all the cream has been skimmed off them, if ever there were any cream to skim. And lately, having perforce been rendered a student of economies, I have grown to doubt whether we can afford these dull luxuries. And really, that is why I am so road-hoggish; I have to do a couple of hours or so of open-throttle work before I can get away from the well-intentioned but nevertheless vile schemes of the latter-day road builder. He annoys me by laying down alternating patches of highway, some of which are as safe as a Methodist Bethel, and others of which are simply booby-traps. He annoys me by planting craggy, cliff-like kerbstones

(Continued on p. xvi)



"LADY LINDY" (MISS AMELIA EARHART): A STUDY IN EXPRESSION

All the world—to say nothing of his wife—took off his hat to this plucky lady, who for ten out of the 15½ hours which her trans-Atlantic flight took her never knew which moment might not be her next—as the saying is. She had bad trouble with her machine, which might have meant dire disaster at any moment. Miss Earheart, who is Mrs. G. P. Putnam, broke three records. She came over in 15½ hours—the fastest Atlantic flight—it was the first solo flight by a woman, and she is also the only woman who has flown the Atlantic twice. Her previous flight was in 1928, when she came over "passenger" with Mr. Wilmer Stultz and Mr. Gordon



CAPTAIN W. G. ASTON
By Autori

An impression of the famous writer of "Petrol Vapour," whose cheery personality leaks out through the point of his pen in every line he writes. Captain Aston enlisted as a private in the East Surreys when war broke out, and eventually got a commission in the Mechanical Transport and then into the R.A.F. He was invalided out of the army before the end of the War

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting ***"The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News"*** *every Friday*



A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES

and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of **HAIG**—

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

The Speckled Trout—*cont. from p.* 388

Later that evening I went along to see Ford Carey in Chelsea, and take him his trout and tell him all about my hold-up. He implied that I was a liar about the hold-up, and stated I was a fool about the picture, until I told him I'd only paid five and six for it.

Then he laughed and agreed with me that it was the world's worst trout and well worth the money. But he swore I'd have to keep it. He said it would ruin his reputation to have so bad a picture about his place. The joke went well, and Carey promised to shove a decent frame on the thing for me, and as I drove home just before midnight I felt rather glad that I was going to keep the old trout after all. I thought out a place where I could hang it. It would be a souvenir of a strange experience. I remember thinking that as I climbed the stairs to my chambers. And when I turned on the light in the little hall my eyes went at once to the place I had in mind. Then a queer thing happened.

It took a second or two to realize it, and it fretted me a bit at first, but the hall looked untidy. The umbrella stand was askew, and the lid of a big Flemish dower chest I keep rugs and heavy coats in was part open.

Automatically I set those two things right as I went on to the sitting-room.

That was untidy, too. Some of the pictures were crooked; there was a cushion on the floor, and the door of the book-case was open. Even then I didn't quite realize it. I only cursed Archbold, my man, for being so slack, and determined to speak sharply to him in the morning. And then of a sudden it came to me what had happened. The place had been burgled, and my next thought was for the silver.

I had shoved that, in its suit-case, under my bed, and I turned quickly and made for my bed-room.

But the silver was there, safe as far as I could see at a hurried glance, though the case had been opened. But the room itself had most clearly been ransacked. The bedclothes were rumpled, the wardrobe door ajar. Drawers had been pulled open, and the dressing-table moved. Someone had been making a very thorough search of my rooms, and I felt at first only furiously angry about it, as though someone had hit me and I could not hit back.

Then a queer and devilish unpleasant feeling came, and I looked involuntarily over my shoulder with a sense that I was not alone. Nerves, if you like, but peculiarly nasty.

After that I went again through each room, and found the same disorder everywhere. Someone had searched the place, yet I could not see that they had taken anything. It was eerie. For the moment, without good reason, I suspected Archbold, and I cut out across the landing to the opposite set of chambers where my office is, and where Archbold sleeps. But he was not in his room, nor was his bed turned down, though the man as a rule is never up after eleven.

Then I did begin to feel really worried, and I came back to ring the police. And Heaven alone knows why I did it, but as I crossed the hall I stopped to open the big chest there, and there I saw something that brought a sudden tenseness to every muscle. Archbold was in that chest, and so far as I could tell, he was dead.

. . . . . .

I'll admit that I'm not exactly clear about the next few minutes.

I do know that I wasn't a bit frightened after the first shock had passed. On the contrary, I was unnaturally calm, for I recall wondering, as I pulled poor Archbold out of that chest, how on earth he had been got into it. He's a small man and it's a big coffer, yet I would never have believed it possible.

But the poor devil had been trussed like a fowl. His legs were drawn back at the knees, and tied by the ankles to his thighs. His arms were bound behind him and he was gagged. But as I got his bonds off him I began to think that he was still alive though he made no movement, and his face was a horrible colour, and his head flopped in a corpse-like way when I moved him.

He was fully dressed in his usual black coat and pepper and salt trousers, and I carried him to the hearth-rug in the sitting-room and tried to get a little brandy between his lips, but it didn't seem to revive him, though by now I was sure there was life in him, for he was not cold—not that death cold.

I hardly remember telephoning for the police; but I did, and evidently told them something of the case, for a very short time after a constable and a plain clothes man arrived, a doctor turned up.

He got to work on poor Archbold at once, with me and the two policemen giving what help we could, while at intervals I gave scrappy little bits of information to the plain clothes man, a detective-sergeant, in a sort of solemn, hushed voice.

The doctor gave us some hope after a few minutes. He didn't waste words. He jerked his grizzled head up and told the constable to ring for the ambulance. Then he looked at me and said: "Your man's been doped. May pull him round with luck. I'll take charge—you tell the sergeant all about it."

But I could tell the sergeant very little, and what I did tell him he seemed to doubt. He hadn't heard about my hold-up in Epping Forest and the story of the silver seemed to bemuse him. He couldn't understand why it wasn't stolen, and kept asking me was I sure nothing had been taken.

I repeated, as far as I knew, nothing, but in the excitement I couldn't swear to it. Then he asked me if I could suggest any reason for the outrage.

Now, I daresay the man was only doing a routine job in a routine way, but he gave me a most definite impression that he suspected me of knowing more than I told. Twice he asked what time I went out, where I had been, and when I returned, and nettled a bit by the fellow's manner, I said sharply: "Look here, I'll see if I can't get hold of my friend, Mr. Carey. He ought to be able to drive here in twenty minutes if he hasn't gone to bed. He will substantiate what I've told you."

He answered: "Thank you," in a wooden sort of way, and I went to the telephone.

Ford Carey usually is a late bird, and I reckoned the odds were he'd still be up. And, anyhow, I felt I'd rather like to have a pal with me just then, and Ford is the levellest-headed chap I know.

I got his number almost at once and I said: "Hallo? That you, Ford?" and a voice answered: "Mr. Carey speaking."

I went straight on: "I say, old man, Michael Deben this end. I'm at Burke Court and Hell's rather broken loose here. I wonder if you'd come round as hard as you can in a cab. Someone's been burgling this place and they've damned nearly done in old Archbold. Sorry to worry you at this time of night, but do come."

"I'll come at once."

I heard the click at the other end as he hung up the receiver, and only at that moment I realized that it was not Ford's voice that had been speaking. And what made it all the more infernally confusing was that I did know the voice.

The sergeant standing near me must have read something in my face, for he asked: "Couldn't you get your friend to come?" and perhaps I imagined it, but I thought there was a sceptical look on his face as if he never expected my friend would come.

I said first "Yes" and then "No" in bewilderment. Then: "It's a very strange thing but it was not Mr. Carey speaking, though whoever it was, was pretending to be him."

"Very strange," the sergeant said, grimly.

But it came to me just then, and I broke in: "Good God! I've got it. I remember that voice. It was that man who tried to hold me up in Epping Forest this afternoon—I'm sure of it. That same silky way of speaking."

The sergeant smiled at me, frankly incredulous.

"Ah," he said. "That is very curious, isn't it?"

And at that moment there was a knock on the door, the ambulance men had arrived and with them, to my utter amazement, Ford Carey himself.

I exclaimed: "Good Lord, Ford! How did you get here?"

He looked as confused as I felt. He said:

"Your man rang me. Said you'd had an accident and would I come round at once."

"When?" I put in sharply.

"About twenty minutes after you left. I'd gone to bed or I'd have been round before. What's the excitement, Michael?" He looked at the uniformed policeman, the ambulance men with their stretcher, and the general confusion of the chambers.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"The Lord alone knows," I said. "Not a minute ago I was ringing you, and some fellow pretending he was you answered your 'phone. Isn't that so?" I turned to the sergeant for confirmation, for it seemed to me as if we were all raving mad.

The sergeant answered with formal courtesy: "So you said, sir." But quite clearly he didn't believe a word of my story nor of Ford's, either.

We moved aside to let the stretcher go by with its limp burden, and Ford gaped at me as I told him what had happened.

(Continued on p. 400)



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The Speckled Trout—*cont. from p.* 398

When poor old Archbold and the doctor had gone the sergeant became really offensive. He didn't try to be courteous any longer; he began to rap out sneering questions and Ford went for him.

Ford never did suffer fools gladly.

He said quite politely: "Look here, young man; you've been seeing too many films and reading too much Edgar Wallace. Get on to Walton Street Police Station quick, will you, and tell someone to go round to my flat and hold anybody they find there? You heard what Mr. Deben just told me?"

The sergeant was a bit shaken.

"That's all very well——" he began, but Ford broke in: "The trouble is, it isn't," and went to the telephone himself. But he rang Scotland Yard and got on to some fellow he knew there, and, apparently, someone who knew him. And his very fair but candid description of my sergeant and his methods shook that bright lad more.

Ford finished: "Thanks so much. If you'd get 'em moving quick. I'm coming along as soon as I can get a cab. And you might ring Bridewell and ask them to send someone round to Mr. Deben's chambers and help the man who's here. He's not being quite a credit to the City force. You know what I mean."

If the fellow at the other end didn't know, my sergeant did. He flushed.

"I don't know why you said that," he protested, but Ford cut him short with a very calm: "You wouldn't." Then to me: "Sorry, Michael, but I'm going to hop it quick. There's some very stealable stuff at my place. I'll give you a ring later. Hope old Archbold pulls through." And he departed.

I took my line from him and went for the sergeant myself when he'd gone.

"You heard Mr. Carey's opinion," I said. "Mine is the same. If you don't know anything about me, you can find out very soon. I'm a member of the Bar: I've lived here for seven years, and if your people didn't tell you there'd been one attack on me to-day in my car, they will at your station. I suggest we go round there and set your mind at rest. Then perhaps we may be able to get on with the job."

He didn't want to go, and began to make half-hearted explanations about his duty. But I was fed up with the whole affair and insisted. We left the uniformed man in charge and walked round to the police station. And there a very courteous inspector most diplomatically took charge. He did know all about the Epping Forest hold-up, and made the proper official excuses for his sergeant while he listened to my story. But my sergeant knew that they were only official excuses. I never saw a man look quite so conscious of having made a fool of himself.

The inspector rang the Essex police to report what I'd said about the man's voice at Ford Carey's flat, and then the hospital to hear what news they had of Archbold. The Essex police were apparently vague but interested; the hospital was hopeful.

I was about to return with a chastened sergeant—I was sorry for him and rather pressed the inspector to let him come with me—when Ford telephoned. The constable at my chambers had told him where I was.

Ford said: "They've done it on me, too, Michael. They've been through the flat. But I can't find that they've pinched anything. What the devil do you make of it?"

I said sincerely: "I make nothing of it, Ford. The whole thing's just madness to me. If it wasn't for poor old Archbold I'd say it was a devilish poor practical joke. But Archbold bars that. It's too near murder. It may be that yet."

Ford answered, in the odd way he has when he doesn't want to pursue a subject: "Oh well—we can go into that later. I'll be round in the morning."

I told the inspector what Ford had said and the chastened sergeant and I went back to my chambers, but we found nothing there, and it was after three before I got to bed, and Ford Carey was hammering at my door at eight.

I had to let him in and he looked dark-eyed and haggard.

"I was wrong last night," he said, as soon as the door was shut. "Those swine did pinch something. It was your trout."

"My trout!" I laughed outright because I thought he was ragging. "I knew it was a bargain, Ford." But Ford did not laugh in return.

"Perhaps it was," he answered in a curiously subdued way. "Anyhow they took it—and nothing else. Where'd you buy that picture, Michael?"

His grave manner infected me.

"Penham," I said. "A little village off the beaten track in Suffolk. I told you last night."

"Tell me again," he interrupted. "I wasn't interested last night," and I gave him every detail I could remember while he stood in front of my empty grate, puffing away at a cigarette in a long, amber holder. And his odd, serious mood impressed me more.

"But good Lord, Ford," I said at last, "you're not suggesting that trout was worth stealing."

"It's been stolen," he retorted curtly.

"But you said it was a daub of the vilest kind."

"It was."

"Then why steal it?"

"Ah. That's what I'd like to know," he answered laughing for the first time. "There must be money in daubs. I'm interested, as a dealer."

He flicked the end of a cigarette into the overnight cinders and plumped himself down in an armchair.

"Michael, old man," he went on, fixing another cigarette into the long holder. "Suppose we don't say anything about the trout for a bit. It was only five and a tanner's worth anyhow. And if it got into the papers, you know what a howl they'd make of it. I'd just as soon they didn't. It wouldn't do me any good, Your game to keep your mouth shut?"

"Of course," I agreed. "But I don't quite see your drift."

"Just that," he said enigmatically. Then: "Look here, shove some clothes on and let's go find some breakfast. I'm hungry and I've got a business job down in the country this morning."

. . . . .

We breakfasted together in a Fleet Street pub, and Ford left immediately afterwards to catch a train somewhere.

I had a rotten day of it, what with reporters who came buzzing round to get details of what the evening papers called the "Drugged Man in Chest Mystery," and the police, who kept turning up to ask what seemed to me asinine questions, and all my pals who rang up to know what it was all about, I was thoroughly fed with the whole thing by the afternoon.

The only bright spot was that old Archbold was pulling round.

I saw him late in the morning and he made a statement, as the police called it.

It was a very unhelpful statement. All he had to tell was that soon after I'd left, on the night before, the telephone exchange rang up to know if there was anything wrong with my line, and said I'd been trying to ring up and couldn't get any reply. Archbold said he reported everything all right, but the telephone people told him they were sending a man round to test the line.

A man turned up, and, according to Archbold, produced a pistol as soon as he got inside the door. Archbold was vague after that. He's a devil of a good servant but no hero. And I don't blame him. I was no hero when that brute shoved a pistol into my face in Epping Forest. It isn't easy to be a hero when there's a damned good chance of being one.

Archbold admitted that he stood against the wall while the gunman held a pistol to his stomach with one hand and drove a hyperdermic dose into his neck with the other. And that was his story and a very convincing one too.

But except for the fact that he described his gunman very much as I described mine, it didn't take us much further.

The police maintained their attitude of general suspicion, centering now rather on Archbold, but expressed no opinions, though they gave me the impression that they thought the whole thing was a bore and that they had not the slightest hope of discovering any more about it.

I went to the club for dinner that night, and I was just starting on a half bottle of Cockburn 1900 to cheer myself up, when Ford weighed in. He looked solemner and more like an owl than I'd ever seen him.

Ford has an owlish face; square and fat with a beaky nose and big round eyes, that were rounder than ever because he was clearly dog tired, and there were darkish rings under them.

He dropped into a chair by my side and said: "Micky, old man, I'll take a glass of wine with you and then I want you to come back to my flat. I've had a busy day—trout fishing."

I looked up sharply, but old Ford's expression was solemn as a judge's.

"Don't be so obscure,' I said. "What do you mean? That picture?" The thing had been on my mind all day long, and it hadn't been too easy to obey Ford's injunction to say nothing about it. "Ford, what is the truth about that infernal trout?"

(*Continued on p.* xxii)



First time past the stand . . . . . .

by the way, has it ever struck you as odd that something you sit in should be called a stand?



. . . and that whiskies out of a square bottle should be called a round?

JOHNNIE WALKER

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

THIS is a melancholy story. Would that one might gloss it over, talk instead about the glories of the Royal Ashdown Forest Ladies' new course and how Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch there beat Miss Morgan and Miss Fishwick, of the delights of Saunton, of anything except the One Thing. But it must be done, since history cannot go unwritten. We must wallow in gloom like any modern novelist, must spare no detail in the horror of how at Wentworth America won every blessed foursome from Great Britain in the morning, and annexed a sufficiency of the singles after lunch for the total result to read America 5½, Great Britain 3½.



The star-spangled manner: America's fine and courageous team, whose victory over Great Britain at Wentworth was well deserved. In front—Mrs. Higbie (reserve) and Mrs. Louis D. Cheney; second row—Miss Van Wie, Miss Helen Hicks, Mrs. Collett Vare, and Miss Marion Hollins (non-playing captain); standing—Miss Maureen Orcutt and Mrs. O. S. Hill



Miss Helen Hicks' hard hitting powers were well in evidence at Wentworth, and her cheery smile was a feature of the day

Nothing suggested such a tragedy. Of course we knew the Americans were beautiful golfers: we had watched some of them down at Ashdown Forest and elsewhere, realized that they swung the club very attractively, putted well, were full, though not in the least offensively so, of confidence. Yet we thought we could beat them.

There was an air of holiday festivity about the morning's proceedings. Everybody was in the best of tempers; the sun shone so pleasantly, the bluebells beside the ninth fairway made such a glorious azure carpet, the stewards were so efficient and yet so polite in marshalling the huge crowd. Of course, your real modern novelist would have scented tragedy somehow underneath it somewhere. (She always does). But the majority of us, being healthy British sportsmen and women found the world a cheery place and our chances good, emphatically so. Of course, Miss Wethered, if you watched the top foursome, was not at her best, and two of the putts she missed were extremely short, and Miss Morgan was astray too.

Still, though Mrs. Vare (we still think of her as Glenna Collett) was playing beautifully, Mrs. O. S. Hill was not giving her very much support, and when U.S.A. did square the match twice, it was Great Britain who forged ahead again. Then came the first shock, the match squared but U.S.A. taking the lead, and that for the one and only fatal time—at the eighteenth. In a most unworthy six, too! Then Miss Enid Wilson, playing superb golf, with Mrs. Watson uncomfortably nervous, just went down to those two extremely accomplished golfers, Miss Helen Hicks and Miss Virginia Van Wie, best stylist of all her side, 2 and 1, and to complete the murky story, Miss Gourlay at her best had failed to get herself and Miss Doris Park home on the last green against Mrs. Cheney and Miss Orcutt. Three love.

Darkness seemed to be falling. Not sudden, thunderous clouds which might burst in wrath and disappear, but sullen grey, overcasting sky and hope alike.

Spectators, heated in the morning chase, almost shivered as they waited for the afternoon singles to start; players, when they did appear, had hidden the shining morning jumper under serviceable cardigans. Deceptive hope still glimmers. Miss Wethered, it is true, is not yet at her unapproachable best, but she has rammed down her first with real resolution, Mrs. Vare is finding trouble on every hand, Miss Wethered is three up, four up at the turn, down to three, up again to four, she has won 6 and 4. So far so very good. And Miss Enid Wilson too, measured and majestic as Time itself, she is countering all Miss Hicks' shrewd thrusts of length and brilliance with others no less potent; she is down, she is up, she is square, out in 37, she is up again—she has won 2 and 1. Miss Morgan, come tidings deceptively glad, has never been down; Miss Fishwick is invincibly up; Miss Gourlay is up. Miss Corlett is down, four down after four holes, but the other five will just be sufficient to give us the match if those three who are up . . . They begin to falter. Nothing easier than to falter when a lead, long held, vanishes as the end draws near; Miss Morgan does falter, she seems uncertain of herself; Miss van Wie is a beautiful golfer, she comes up with a wet sail (and a wringing cardigan) and beats Miss Morgan 2 and 1. Miss Diana Fishwick is playing beautifully, level fours against Miss Orcutt and the match is hers, but what of Miss Gourlay?



Miss Diana Fishwick is always ready to rise to the big occasion, and did so once again in the battle against America

Already news has reached her that Miss Corlett is beaten, Miss Morgan beaten, that nothing can now save Britain. What waning strength was hers after her fruitless struggle of the morning is ebbing fast; her lead of two up and four to go evaporates. Great Britain has lost; of what account is her own match? She struggles on, she will die fighting, she will at least halve the match. Halve it she does, but Great Britain has lost. The rain falls pitilessly, remorselessly. Great Britain has lost. . . .

No doubt there are a hundred suggestions which might be made over why we lost, how we can do better another time. But in the easy idiom of the West Country, where we are at the moment, "Let un bide." Time enough for post-mortems later on. For the moment the obvious duty is to congratulate our visitors without any reservations whatever. They were a team of fine golfers, magnificently captained by their non-playing captain, Miss Marion Hollins, herself a first-class golfer. They beat us at our own game on our own course, and when we had the pick of the cream of British golf. They earned victory and they got it. Nobody would be so churlish as to grudge it them.

Our tears must be shed in silence; our congratulations bruited abroad.

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FREE ADVICE. If you are able to come to the Salon at 58, South Molton Street, either I or one of my personally trained experts will be delighted to advise you, but if you cannot, please write and ask any questions.

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1. PARIS: BERLIN: NEW YORK.

service advertising

The Advantages of Shopping at Debenhams

IV.—A SERVICE that is PERSONAL

* * *

At Debenhams there is a marked absence of 'mechanised' methods

In all senses, Debenhams remains a "shop" where the old personal atmosphere of shopping is maintained and carefully encouraged.

Each customer is a separate individual whose own tastes, and even whims, are to be studied and correctly interpreted





Posed by Miss Jeanne Stuart

16½ gns.

The charm of fine lace and georgette is expressed in this elegant ensemble. Gown beautifully cut on slimming lines, it has its complementary three-quarter cape coat. Black, and a few colours.

Demure but exceedingly smart is this little printed crepe de chine frock, copy of an Augustabernard model. An attractive note is the quaint sleeves and finish of posy of mixed flowers. In many artistic colourings. Several sizes.

gns. 8½

Model Gown Department

FOR VISITORS: THE BEAUTIFUL WILLIAM & MARY RESTAURANT

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

(Debenhams Ltd.)

The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

THE loveliest season of the year is at our threshold; and as amazing weather fluctuations are proverbial during an English summer, the fashions pictured in this section of "The Tatler" have been chosen with due regard to the same, and wherever possible they are entirely of British origin. The prices are moderate and there is something for everyone. It will be realised that the arbiters of modes have indeed been kind, as even the smartest affairs may be interpreted becomingly



PICTURES BY BLAKE





MODELS, SELFRIDGE

THE setting of a recent dress parade at Selfridges, Oxford Street, W.1, was the deck of the S.Y. "Joie," when Miss Enid Stamp Taylor, the well-known actress, introduced the models. There was a gramophone playing, dancing on deck, and an infinite variety of tennis, beach, sun swimming suits, also outfits for cruising. Among them were the models seen on this page. The one at the left is an orange wool swimming suit with brown braces and belt; it is 22s. 6d. In the centre is a neat sun suit; it is available in a variety of colour schemes and is 32s. 6d. Everyone will desire to possess the pyjamas at the top of the page; they look smart in dark shades relieved with white; they are as becoming to the slight as to the dignified figure

hats

FORMAL



(LEFT) MODEL, HARRODS

Not quite of the baby boy character nor of the American sailor, but a thing apart is the black straw hat on the left from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.; a telling contrast is introduced by the snow white flower. The Ascot straw hat on the top right of the opposite page is sponsored by this firm and is ornamented with a cluster of shaded cornflowers

A study in contrasts are the hats chaperoned by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. The model on the right of this page is of ballibuntal straw ornamented with black and yellow crushed tulips. The newest version of the sailor hat is pictured on the right, it is of rough straw trimmed with shaded beige and brown ribbon; it is decidedly severe

(BELOW) MODEL, WOOLLANDS

Here are two of Woolland's, Knightsbridge, interpretations of decorative hats for fashionable functions; the model on the left below is of black straw trimmed with net green ribbon and daisies, while the chef-d'œuvre at the top of the opposite page is of a blue shade trimmed with ribbon and a semi-wreath of massed daisies; this is an innovation

It was an inspiration on the part of Henry Heath, Oxford Street, to add to the shady natural straw hat on the right of the opposite page a wreath of lacquered black, orange, and beige flowers; the model below is of a coarse shiny royal blue straw for which there is an immense vogue, its sole adornment being bands and small bows of navy and white ribbon





INFORMAL AND



MODEL, WOOLLANDS



MODEL, HARRODS

MODEL, DICKINS & JONES

Lines of subtle beauty and elusive colour schemes are present in these fashionable hats; they are scheduled to appear at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, where they will be companioned with frocks of lace chiffon and organdie. The less formal functions were also considered when these hats were selected





MODEL, HENRY HEATH

MODEL, DICKINS & JONES





MODEL, HENRY HEATH

PICTURES by BLAKE

Summer Time Wear



SHANTUNG ensembles are of great importance as they are cool, not easily crushed, and decorative; the model portrayed on the left comes from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.1, the colour scheme being primrose and white. The dress is sleeveless and buttons down the front; it is finished with revers and a narrow belt; although the bolero is reinforced with epaulette sleeves the cost is merely fifty-five shillings. The stitched linen hat, like the ensemble, is available in many colours. Incredible as it may seem, there are Irish linen frocks with touches of drawn thread work for 9s. 11d., those of printed linen being 18s. 11d. Wonderful bargains are the tailored coats of loofa uncrushable linen finished with stitched belt and useful bone buttons for 42s.

AS the ensemble below, from Corot's, 30, Old Bond Street, W.1, is of wool fabric there are a variety of occasions when it may appropriately be worn. With cape complete, made to measure, it is 6½ guineas, payment being made by the instalment system, particulars of which will be sent on application. The skirt portion of the dress is red and the corsage white, while the smart cape is reversible, one side being red and the other white. It may be regarded as a winner for general in and out of town wear, on a cruise, no matter whether it be on a yacht or liner, or as a spectator at a fashionable sporting function

AMONG the many new fabrics that are being used for summer frocks is starched chiffon; it suggests organdie. Then there is a linen thread woven in the same way as drugget; it is cool but rather heavy; this is an advantage; it is therefore ideal for cruising frocks, as a slight breeze has no effect on it. A revival is a black muslin strewn with white pin spot or vice versa; it is employed for evening as well as afternoon dresses



PICTURES BY BLAKE



Canston

FASHIONS FOR DAY



THE graceful satin dress and velvet coat enriched with fur on the left may be seen at Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, W.1. The corsage is relieved with a lattice work of crystal embroidery

VELVET is very important this season, and is used as an effective foil for the lace that makes the evening dress on the right; it is sponsored by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1

AND EVENING WEAR



THE lovely Ascot dress on the left comes from the House of Jay, Regent Street, W.1; flowers form the connecting link between the sunshade, hat, and frock, which is expressed in soft mousseline

A cape of printed chiffon to match the frock on the right introduces an individual note. It may be seen in the Bradley salons, Chepstow Place, W.2, where it is companioned with the large black hat

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



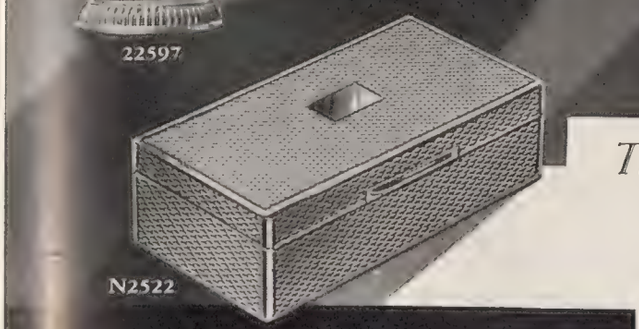
No. I—SUNNINGDALE AND SOME OF ITS STALWARTS

This is the first of a series of pictures of personalities at the well-known golf clubs in this country, and it will be agreed even by the victims that "Mel" has done his work extremely well. The next club in the series is the Oxhey Golf Club and the picture will be published in a fortnight's time

MAPPIN & WEBB .... WEDDING GIFTS IN STERLING SILVER

ALTHOUGH PRICES ARE IN HARMONY WITH PRESENT-DAY CONDITIONS...THESE ARTICLES CONFORM TO THE 'MAPPIN' STANDARD IN WEIGHT, WORKMANSHIP & DESIGN





The articles illustrated above in Sterling Silver

22597—Sugar Dredger, 6½" high, £2.2.0 .... 22475 Sandwich Plate, 10" diam., £6.10.0, 8" diam., £4.5.0 .... 22703 Cocktail Shaker, 1 pint, £3.18.6 .... 39172 English Cut-glass Salad Bowl with heavy double rim, £3.15.0: Salad Servers, carved Ivory handles, £3.10.0 .... 22615 Muffin Dish with Hot Water Compartment, £5.5.0 .... N2522 Cigarette Box, richly engine-turned, lined white holly, 7" long, £4.15.0 ....



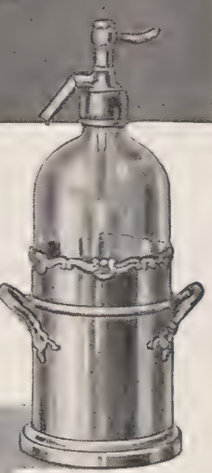
22588
Sterling Silver Tea Service,
1½ pints . £7.15.0
2 pints £10.10.0



22585
Sterling Silver Tea Service, 1½ pints
. . . . £10.10.0



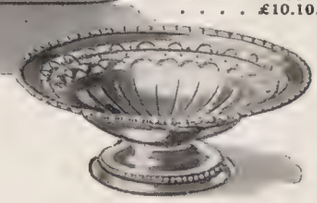
22613
Sterling Silver Tea Service,
1½ pints . £11.5.0



3764
Sterling Silver Syphon Stand . . . £5.15.0



22598
Sterling Silver Entrée Dish & Cover
. . . . £10.10.0



22595
Sterling Silver Sweet Dish, 5" diam., £1.5.0

MAPPIN *and* WEBB LTD.

The Silver Specialists

156-162 OXFORD ST. W.1 - 172 REGENT ST. W.1
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MANUFACTORY · THE ROYAL WORKS · SHEFFIELD

Pictures in the Fire—*continued from p.* 390

fox, but I daresay the management may induce some of the huntsmen to give 'em a touch of the horn and gallop round the arena over a fence or two. How hounds are going to like it I do not know. They are like a lot of children, and are quite likely to be shy and bashful faced by such a sea of strange faces, and if there is any applause—I say *if*, because for some reason or other Mr. Clarse Atred hates nothing much worse than a fox-hound—it will greatly embarrass the performers. Anyway I think that it will add a cheery note to things, and produce what a hard-riding holy father in Ireland said to me about what he called the "anturraj." What he said was: "Ah, it isn't the harses nor the hounds, nor the rid coats that makes hunting what it is, but the *anturraj!*"

* * *

It was this same cheery sky pilot who landed as near as dammit in my pocket coming off one of the Meath banks, and a nasty narrow one at that. I had it a good fifty yards to his left, but the crooked-necked chestnut he was riding came all the way down it like a flash, and elected to jump it at the spot that had been "softened" for him. All his Reverence said was, "And where's the dogs gone, I wonder!" Divil a word about his having nearly sent my sinful soul to the happy land; but he was such a nice chap, a natural horseman, riding something green as a leaf, that no one could have got cross with him not even if he had knocked them over, and anyway, anyone who gets cross riding over that dream of a country ought not to go out fox-hunting at all. Those hard-punching priests are the greatest fun and are amongst my choicest recent Irish memories. Wasn't it the Father Superior himself at a monastery at which they met who said that he had some stuff on the sideboard one sup of which would make anyone ride at anything, even if the Liffey was "beyant"? He also told me that it was the Chinese they were after converting, but that it was probably safer to preach to the murderin' haythens over the wireless. However, this isn't the hunting season, and Olympia isn't Meath, and the only banks we'll see at the Horse Show are the flower ones all round the ring; but it will be the grand sight for anyone who has never seen hounds before, and the kids, of course, will love it, quite as much as the hounds will love the kids, for they are overwhelmingly affectionate creatures, especially after they have found out you like them, which they do very quickly—just the same as horses, cats, and brats do. You cannot deceive any of these things, and none of them will do anything for you if in your *aura* there is any kind of repellent wave. If it is the other way you can do almost any mortal thing with any of them, and they understand long before you have said a word about what you want them to do. A kid, for instance, knows even before you catch it by the seat of its little trouseroons whether you are friend or foe—a hound knows because he noses, and a horse, at least so I think, even before you put your hand on him. He knows then in a flash, and soon afterwards may discover who is going to be captain of the ship. So I advise even the most nervous mama to let little Johnnie or little Delia or Dahlia or Primrose or whatever her name is, to go and play with any pack of hounds anywhere, and she will have a good assortment at Olympia. It gives the kids confidence and also gives the hounds a chance of feeling that they are not so lost in London as I am sure they will feel. It is quite an innovation, of course, having hounds at the Show, but I think a most happy inspiration, and also it will add greatly to the decorative side of things. The parade of ex-Grand National winners is also a capital idea and is bound to be popular.



AT THE MELTON POLO CLUB SHOW

This was held at the Brentingby ground, near Leicester, and they threw in some mounted sports to keep things merry. In the picture are: Mrs. D. Campbell, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Coleman, and the young Miss Leslie

Pope & Bradley
OF OLD BOND ST. LONDON, W. 1.

PUTTING ON WEIGHT

THERE are penalties and joys for every age; for youth, for middle-age, and for the age of wisdom. Man's vanity endures beyond the perfection or the imperfection of his bodily form. God has made man in a variety of shapes.

SO many of the nineteenth century platitudes have proved false. Take, for example, "Laugh and grow fat." So far as the middle-aged woman is concerned when she grows fat she doesn't laugh, she sheds a river of resentful tears. Then, with a grim determination, she strives to achieve the ideal of the sylph-like form of Bernard Shaw. His bathing photographs so inspire her that she bants upon vegetables. The tissue disappears, the flesh is quelled, and in her new-found virtue she discovers that she is "too good to be untrue."

ALL of which is a mere preliminary to the statement that men are seldom unduly disturbed when in early middle-age they "put on weight." It is then that they should appreciate the art of good tailoring. If they have been fortunate enough to deal with a house of our standing since tender youth, they will observe how our style of cutting changes in adjustment with their increase in girth; how subtly and artistically we minimise that generous protuberance, and it is then that they realise they are getting something beyond the best of materials and the cream of the West End "log" hand-workmanship, for which they pay.



THE House of Pope & Bradley make clothes for a considerable number of the smart young men about town: it is through them that those slight and periodical changes in fashion, for which we are responsible, are first effected.

SKILL and experience alone enable one to understand the eccentricities of difficult figures. Great personalities often possess gaunt and scraggy frames; they can be made to appear muscular and well formed. The art of clothes is the illusion they convey; as in the addition of a few apparent inches in height to men of short stature; the bestowal of a long slender line on those inclined to rotundity. Our salesmen advise with authority on the selection of cloths of design most suitable for men of different figures—advise as to colour, weight and, particularly, design. They will courteously endeavour to prevent a man from choosing an unwise material, however much he may desire it.

AND our cutters do not merely make clothes that fit—they are artists who design each garment to suit the individuality of the wearer, to magnify the good points of his figure and minimise the defects; thus the finished product has that subtle stamp of style for which this House is famous.

LOUNGE Suits from Ten Guineas, Dinner Suits from Fourteen Guineas, Dress Suits from Fifteen Guineas.

14 Old Bond Street W.
and
11&13 Southampton Row. W.C.

AT FIRST—*it was just a small bottle with my lunch at a restaurant*





THEN—*I liked it so much that we ordered two flagons for the children to try*





NOW—*I buy it by the case—it costs only 10½d. per Screw Flagon (6 glasses)*



Thus Grows the Wonderful Demand for

WHITEWAY'S CYDRAX

Non-alcoholic Medium-sweet Sparkling

MADE FROM APPLE-JUICE

as used for

WHITEWAY'S CYDER

The percentage of alcohol in our regular brands of cyder is not excessive, but many people want a similar beverage free from alcohol. Cydrax contains the valuable health-giving properties of the apple. It is of medium sweetness, and its delightful sparkling character—so full of bubbling life—makes it the ideal temperance drink.

CYDRAX CUP RECIPE

1 Flagon Whiteway's Cydrax	10½d.	*2 tablespoons white sugar*	1d.
1 bottle dry ginger ale	4d.	*1 orange (or fresh fruit if in season)*	2d.
¼ glass raspberry (or other fruit) syrup	3d.	*Ice if available.*	
Juice of 1 lemon (leave 2 slices in)	1½d.	*Total*	1s. 10d.

10½d SCREW QUART FLAGON
(DEVON & CORNWALL 9d)
Flagon charged and allowed on return

TRY WHITEWAY'S LATEST SUCCESS
CYDER BON-BONS
A Devonshire apple-juice product
3D & 6D These BON-BONS are of the same high standard of quality as all other Whiteway products. They are made from apples, Devonshire cyder, and pure cane sugar, and are a most delicious, wholesome and economical sweet. 3D & 6D
per packet. per packet.

THE PERFECT TEMPERANCE DRINK
OBTAINABLE WHEREVER BEVERAGES ARE SOLD

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

An Anglo-German Wedding.

The marriage will take place in Frankfurt on June 4 between Mr. Thomas Harcourt Powell, who is the eldest son of Captain J. Harcourt Powell of Roundwyck, Petworth, and Frau Bettina Scheibler, the daughter of Oberstleutnant Joseph Marice von Radowitz and Frau von Radowitz of Schloss Rossback, Zeitlofs, Unterfranken, Germany.

* * *

This Month.

Mr. Eric Arthur Starling and Miss Elizabeth Balfour are being married at St. Anne's, Soho, on June 7; on the same day Mr. James Spedding, Royal Artillery, marries Miss Mary Fryer at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge; on the next day, the 8th, Mr. Peter Dearman Birchall and Miss Susan Auriol Charrington are to be married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens; and the 22nd of June is the date arranged for the marriage between Mr. Peter Trayton Kenward, 14/20th Hussars, and Miss Elizabeth Kemp-Welch, which is to be at St. Margaret's, Westminster.



Bertram Park

MISS MURIEL COCHRANE

Whose marriage to Mr. Cecil Charles Madden, the son of the late Mr. A. M. Madden, C.M.G., late of the Foreign Office and H.B.M. Consular Service, and Mrs. Madden, takes place on June 21 at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. James K. Cochrane of Berwick Bassett, near Swindon



Janet Jevons

MISS ESMÉ ROBERTSON

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Robertson of 26, Kensington Palace Gardens, W., who is to marry Colonel Leonard Ropner, M.C., M.P., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ropner of Thorp Perrow, Bedale, and Ambleside, West Hartlepool, and grandson of the late Sir Robert Ropner, Bt.

Marrying Abroad.

Early in August Mr. Rodney Molyneux Heape, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Heape of Tunbridge Wells, and Miss Alexandra Rachel Crampton, the only daughter of Vice-Admiral (ret.) and Mrs. D. B. Crampton, are being married at Cherangani, Kenya Colony.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

Mr. George Frederick Newsum Battle, son of the late Mr. F. G. Battle, J.P., and Mrs. Battle of Potterhanworth, Lincoln, and Miss Molly Howard, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard of Nocton Rise, Lincoln; Mr. Norman Mayfield, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Mayfield of Oakdene, Newland Park, Hull, and Miss Elizabeth Marjorie Westlake, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Westlake of Welton Grange, Brough, East Yorks, and late of Murray House, Chesterfield; Mr. John A. P. Charrington of 27, Rutland Gate, S.W., the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Charrington of East Hill House, Oxted, and Miss Barbara Cunard, fourth surviving daughter of the late Mr. Cyril Grant Cunard and Mrs. Walter Curran of The Cottage, Notgrove, Gloucestershire; Mr. Christopher Hanbury, the younger son of Colonel Lionel H. Hanbury, C.M.G., and Mrs. Hanbury of Hitcham House, Burnham, Bucks, and Miss Lettice Charrington of 27, Rutland Gate, S.W., the elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Charrington; Surgeon-Lieutenant John Widdicombe Oliver, R.N., and Miss Royale Dulhunty of 7, Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W., the daughter of Venour and Bessie Dulhunty, late of Buenos Aires, Argentina.



Hay Wrighton

MISS VIVIAN NICHOLL

Whose engagement was announced last month to Mr. Ivor Howell Powell Edwards, Irish Guards, the only son of Colonel H. I. Powell Edwards, D.S.O., T.D., and Mrs. Powell Edwards of Odintane Place, Lewes, is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Charles Nicholl of Wargrave-on-Thames



SOLID OAK CANTEENS

FREE with

COMMUNITY PLATE

During the month of June Community dealers will offer two sets in Community Plate—a 53-piece service for six and a 103-piece service for twelve—***at the price of the contents only.*** Lovely silverware, a full modern service, in Community's latest and most distinguished designs—with a handsome solid oak canteen **FREE.** Extraordinary value! Remember—during the month of June only. At your silversmiths.

	Service for six £ s.	*Service for twelve* £ s.
Regular price	9 12	17 17
FREE CANTEEN	2 2	4 4
SPECIAL PRICE	**7 10**	**13 13**

BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN CORSET FABRIC

"Le Gant"

A SECOND SKIN MADE OF

"YOUTHLASTIC"

BRITISH PATENT 211057

"STRETCHES BOTH WAYS"

by Warner's





"YOUTHLASTIC"

is a new patented woven Elastic Fabric that stretches UP and DOWN as well as AROUND.

It is truly a marvellous fabric—soft, porous, light as air, it is unbelievably strong and the only double-stretch fabric that is Lock-stitched at every 1/32nd of an inch—it cannot pull out at the seams and it has the comfort of Elastic with the firm control of Cloth. "Le Gant" made of "Youthlastic" never slips out of place during the most strenuous exercise—it just fits and gives like your skin, in fact, like a second skin.

As the figure bends the "Youthlastic" Fabric stretches UP and DOWN with the suspenders and relieves the strain so that stocking "ladders" are ended.

The soft cotton covering to the Elastic Threads absorbs perspiration and lets the skin breathe.

"Youthlastic" moulds and controls the figure so that hips are noticeably smaller—"Le Gant" just fits and it wears and wears and wears.

Nothing can harm "Youthlastic" neither perspiration, hot irons, boiling water, nor sunshine.

Take this advertisement to your favourite shop—skilled fitters will help you try on "Le Gant" made of "Youthlastic." A new Corset experience awaits you—many Ladies refuse to take off "Le Gant" once they feel of its marvellous comfort.

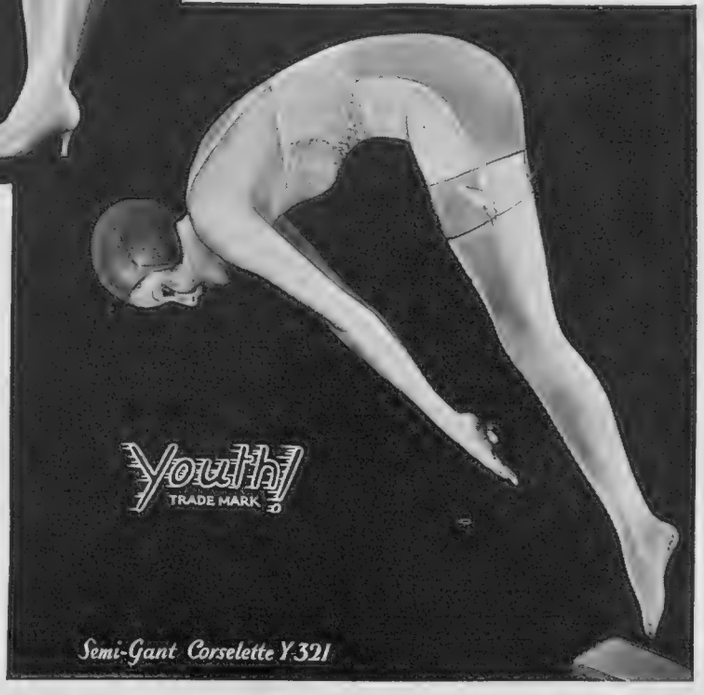
"Le Gant" Step-in Belt Model Y34 (illustrated) - - - **3½ Gns.**

"Le Gant" Corselettes Model Y314 - - - - - **5 Gns.**

"Semi-Gant" Belts from - **42/6**

"Semi-Gant" Corselette (illustrated) Model Y321 - - **4½ Gns.**

Other "Semi-Gant" Corselettes from **56/6**



Only "Le Gant" is made of this patented Fabric—the original and uncopyable "Youthlastic."

Produced by Warner Bros. (Corsets) Ltd., 16, Portland Place, London, W.1.

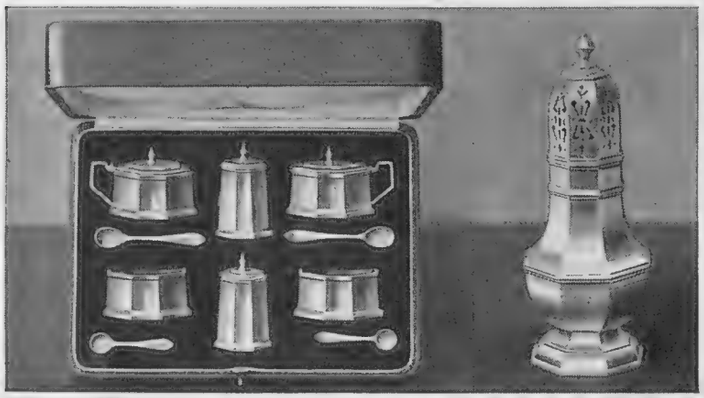
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Suggestions for

WEDDING PRESENTS

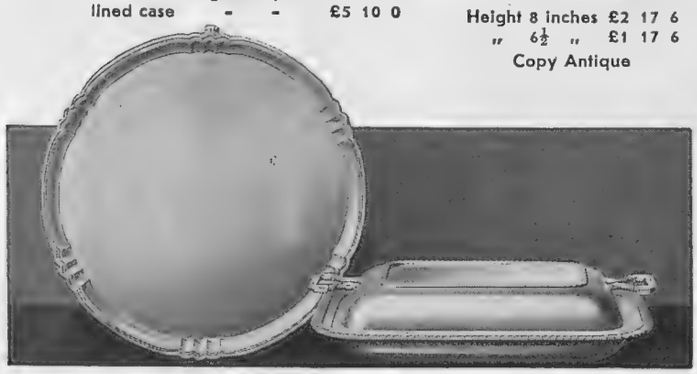


STERLING SILVER TEA SET
Tea Pot £4 17 6 Sugar Bowl £1 12 6 Cream Jug £1 5 0 Complete £7 15 0
STERLING SILVER TEA STRAINER 18/6



STERLING SILVER CONDIMENT SET
with blue linings and spoons in velvet lined case - - £5 10 0

STERLING SILVER SUGAR CASTER
Height 8 inches £2 17 6
" 6½ " £1 17 6
Copy Antique



STERLING SILVER WAITER
(Modern Design)
Diameter 6 inches £2 0 0
" 8 " £3 5 0
" 10 " £4 10 0
" 12 " £6 18 6

STERLING SILVER ENTREE DISH
Length 10½ inches £10
The Cover forms extra Dish

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Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. the King

112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

People have been very complimentary about our Open Show, and certainly, with the exception of a few small hitches, inseparable from a big undertaking, it all went off well. Lady Howe and Mrs. Trelawny are past-masters in the art of running a big show, and they were well supported in the office by Miss Bond, Mrs. Knapp, and others. Mr. Engleheart discharged the duties of superintendent, formerly filled by the late Mr. Coaffee, with great efficiency, and there was no confusion anywhere. No one who has not done it knows the amount of hard work and thought entailed in the successful running of a large show, and our thanks for its success are due to Lady Howe, Mrs. Trelawny, and the staff who worked so well and loyally under them.



AIREDALE TERRIERS
The property of Mrs. Nowell

* * *

The General Obedience Class was very amusing. There were eighteen entries, including Alsatians, Labradors, golden retrievers, poodles, Irish setters, Pekinese, an Irish wolfhound, a keeshond, and a Welsh sheepdog. The first prize went to the Welsh sheepdog and second to an Alsatian, both old performers, but the third went to a Pekinese. He had also won in his own class, so he is the perfect gundog, "good at and for show." The other Pekinese unfortunately developed stage fright and refused to try; so did Mrs. Charlesworth's golden retriever, Noranby Jane. Mrs. Lowry's poodle did well, and Miss Kay's keeshond, Minka, did very well till the jump, which she could not see the use of jumping when she could go round! These Obedience Classes are most interesting, as they show that any dog can be taught if the teacher has the gift of teaching—but it is an "if"!



Ralph Robinson
COCKER SPANIEL
The property of Mrs. Woodhouse

* * *

As we are on the subject of Pekinese Miss Heuston sends a delightful picture of some puppies bred by her. The lady in the middle has sailed to New York, accompanied by another red lady. The pups' sire is Ch. T'Ouen of Greystones. Miss Heuston still has some pups for sale.

* * *

The cockers at our Show were judged by Mr. Daniel Lacombe, President of the French Cocker Spaniel Club, who kindly came over on purpose to judge. The cocker entry was the largest in the Show and the quality was extremely good. Mrs. Woodhouse showed two of her cockers; Ottershaw Woden taking third in Novice. Mrs. Woodhouse sends a picture of one of her dogs. The competition in cockers is so keen and the entries so large that it is a feat to win.

* *

As a general companion and guard the Airedale is second to none. He is a most delightful companion and has an instinct for guarding which makes him, without being savage or a fighter, a real protection. This is proved by the many Airedales one sees about. He is also a most handsome, striking dog. Mrs. Nowell sends a picture of some of her Airedales; she has done very well with them, winning at most of the chief shows. She has some young dogs for sale. Mrs. Nowell also breeds Persian cats and has some really good kittens for sale. Her other hobby is wire-haired terriers, and there are usually some of all these for sale. She has a vacancy for a pupil with a view to her staying on as kennelmaid when Mrs. Nowell considers her capable of taking charge of the boarding department.

* *

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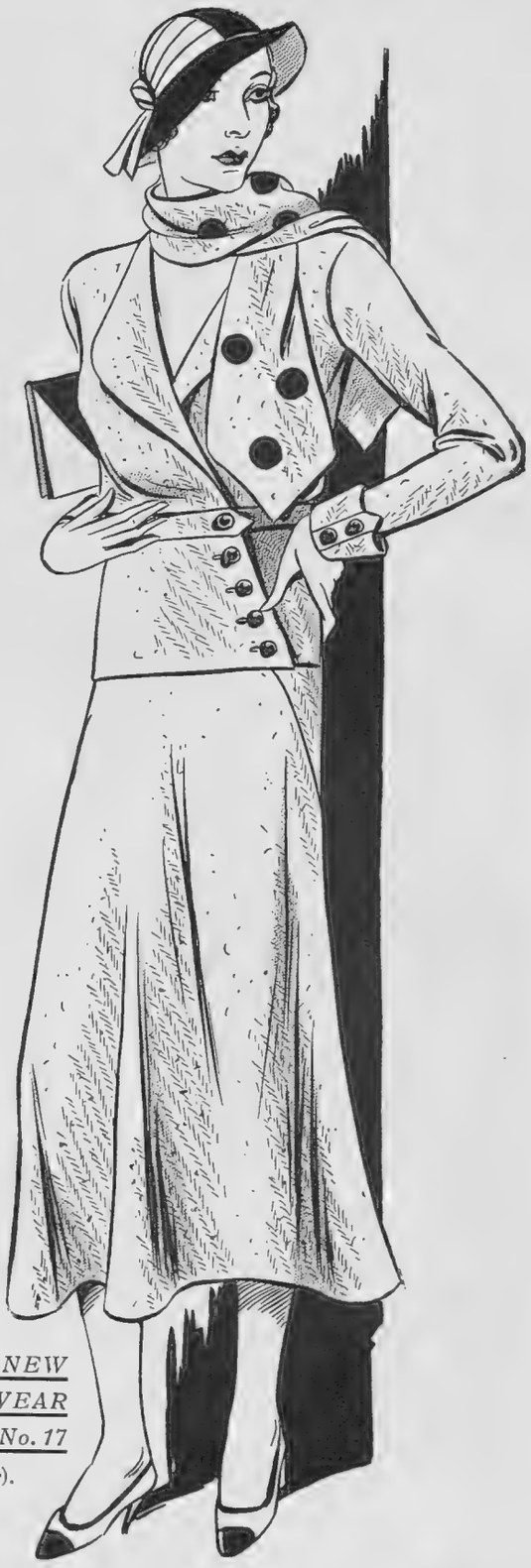
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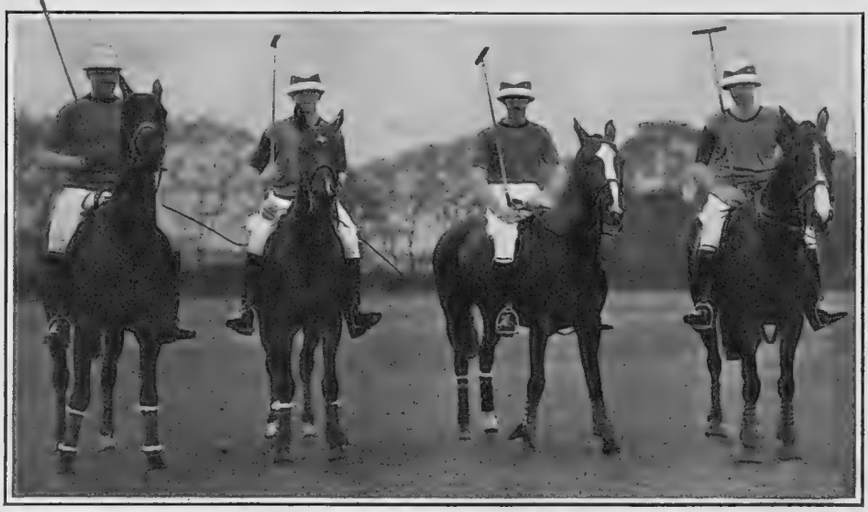
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Polo Notes—*continued from p. 374*

General Sadleir-Jackson's most distinguished battle-fighting career has been dealt with by many other people in other places, so here it is only proposed to pay a tribute to his personal attributes and to his connection with the polo game. He was in the 9th Lancer team at the time when it was just about the peak of its career in India, and the regimental form was very good class indeed. They won the Inter-Regimental in between what were the 15th Hussar and 10th Hussar "blizzards." The 15th were unbeatable from 1902 to 1905 inclusive, when their term of service was up, and in 1906 the 9th Lancers won. In 1907 came the 10th Hussars, and they laid everything bar the 2nd R.B. (1911) out stone cold till 1912, when they went home. The 2nd R.B. were really the only people who gave the 10th any back-chat. After 1912 came the 17th Lancer dynasty about which we need not talk, for so much has been said and written about it at various times and in various places. It is a record in India and England no regiment is ever likely to be able to beat. At the time, therefore, when Sadleir-Jackson was in that 9th Lancer team there were a few things in the ring which were pretty hot to hold, and the class all round was very high. In that 1906 team with him were H. F. Wood, "Bo" to his pals; Noel Edwards, the subsequent International and killed early on in the War; F. O. Grenfell, brother of "Rivy," also subsequently a 9th Lancer and both killed in the War.



W. A. Rouch

THE OSMASTON TEAM AT HURLINGHAM

Sir Ian Walker's team was beaten by Someries House in a friendly game when polo started at Hurlingham. The names, left to right, are: Major J. F. Harrison, Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer (9th Lancers), Captain C. T. I. Roark, happily recovered from his bad fall in California, and Sir Ian Walker

Full details have disclosed the wonderful fight the 10th Hussars put up in this year's Inter-Regimental in India, and the reference to them in these notes under a picture of their team which won the Duke of Connaught's Commemoration Cup at Delhi this year, in addition to their win in the Subalterns' Cup in which they beat their ancient foemen, the Rifle Brigade, by a goal entice me to further reference. Polo seems almost as if it were in the air in some regiments, and that after periods of suspended animation it is bound to come to life again. Take these three cases, the 10th Hussars, 15th/19th Hussars, and the Rifle Brigade merely as examples. The 10th beat that strong polo regiment, the Central India Horse, 6 to 4 in their tie in this year's Indian Inter-Regimental, the winners on handicap being 15 goals inferior to the C.I.H. The 15th/19th Hussars got into the final and were only beaten 3 to 2 by the 15th Lancers. The 15th/19th rated only 11 goals to the winners' 25. The R.B. cannot be very much behind the 10th. As already mentioned the 10th Hussars from 1907 to 1912 swept everyone off the earth in Inter-Regimental polo; from 1902 to 1905 (four years) the 15th Hussars did the same thing; in 1911 the 2nd R.B. proved to demonstration in the Inter-Regimental that they were to all intents and purposes the same team as the 10th—some people thought even a bit better. Now the wheel seems to have come full circle again. It usually does. I am afraid that many letters about many things must be pigeon-holed this week because I have no more space left in which to answer them as they deserve.

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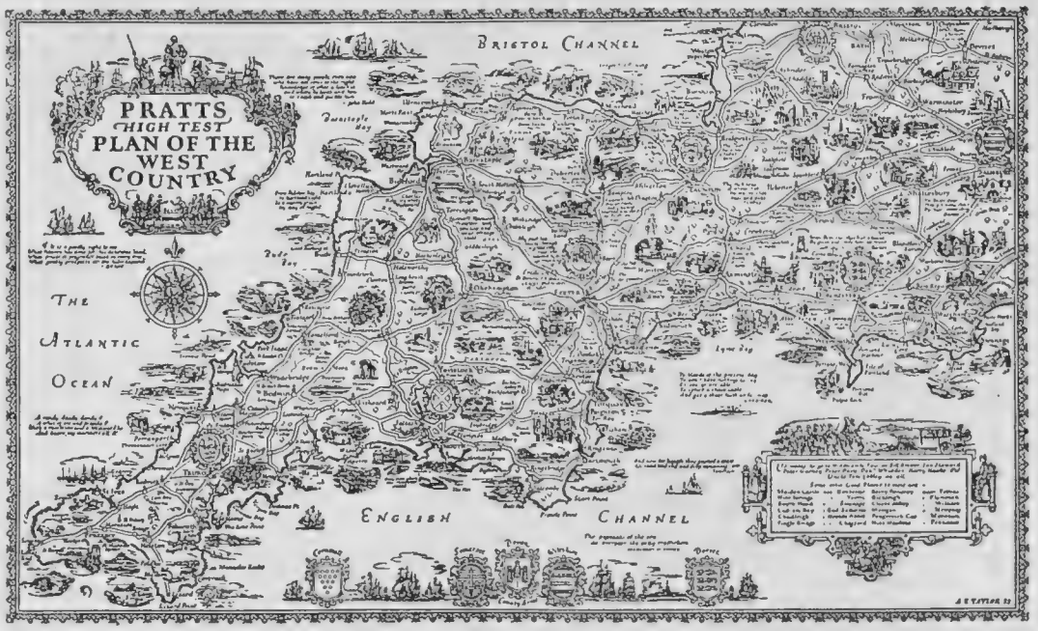
OF REGENT STREET

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD., 114-120, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. 'PHONE REGENT 1951

Petrol Vapour—*continued from p. 396*

at the side of his slithering skating-rinks; and most of all he worries me by fixing countlessly confusing lights. Thus I count it well worth while to get into those parts of the country where these up-to-date malefactions are not conspicuously in existence. Well do I know what will happen one day—I shall keep my lusty Armstrong in Scotland, and it will be my Puss Moth that will taxi me to it from Stag Lane. But that won't happen for some time. And Mrs. P. V. remarked the other day, "We are within two-and-a-half hours of London, and we've only seen two tradesmen's vans in the last twenty miles." Yes, my friends and brethren, there are areas in the British Isles which suggest that the saturation point has not yet been reached, and it is pleasant to think that so many of them are within reach of most of us. It almost goes without saying that my road-gluttony reaches its peak in summer time, and it is little consequence to me whether this is merely official or just natural.

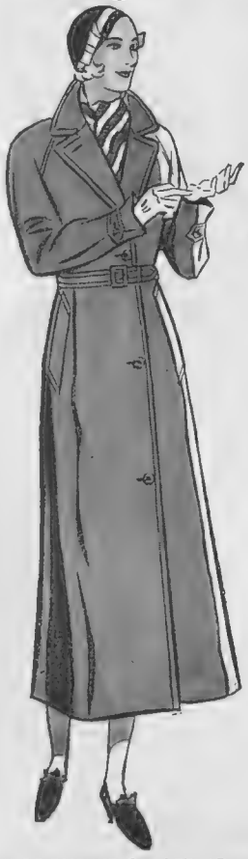
My car has a waterproof roof, two most energetic wind-screen wipers, a magnificent pair of head-lamps, and exhaust system which, with the nice adjustment of ventilators, permits the front occupants to keep reasonably warm. Thus I can cheerfully face a summer's day, and I do so all the more gaily because these glorious conditions frighten the less hardy folk off the roads, and leave them all the more free for me. By the way, talking of screen-wipers, I must tell you that I now have one (of which more anon) that gets rid of road grit, but I have yet to find the type that will dispose of the smashed bodies of insects. Don't these lepidopteræ bleed lavish? Some of them have regular red blood in them too—which is a horrid sight, though most of them seem to have a sort of gum in their miserable veins. And at night, when the head-lamps are blazing, you can encounter the most horrid monsters. Last Sunday some unfortunate old chap—I couldn't make out whether he was a bat or a bumble-bee, hit my Triplex with a wallop that fairly shook the car, and I swear it momentarily put the speedo back a couple of miles an hour. "My God!" cried Mrs. P. V., "Do you think that can have been Miss Earhart?" And the Lex garage people, efficient though they are, complain on Monday mornings, for they have not found (nor has anyone that I know) a solvent for the congealed intestines of insects or any other trophies which we may collect.



WHY NOT A BRITISH HOLIDAY THIS YEAR?

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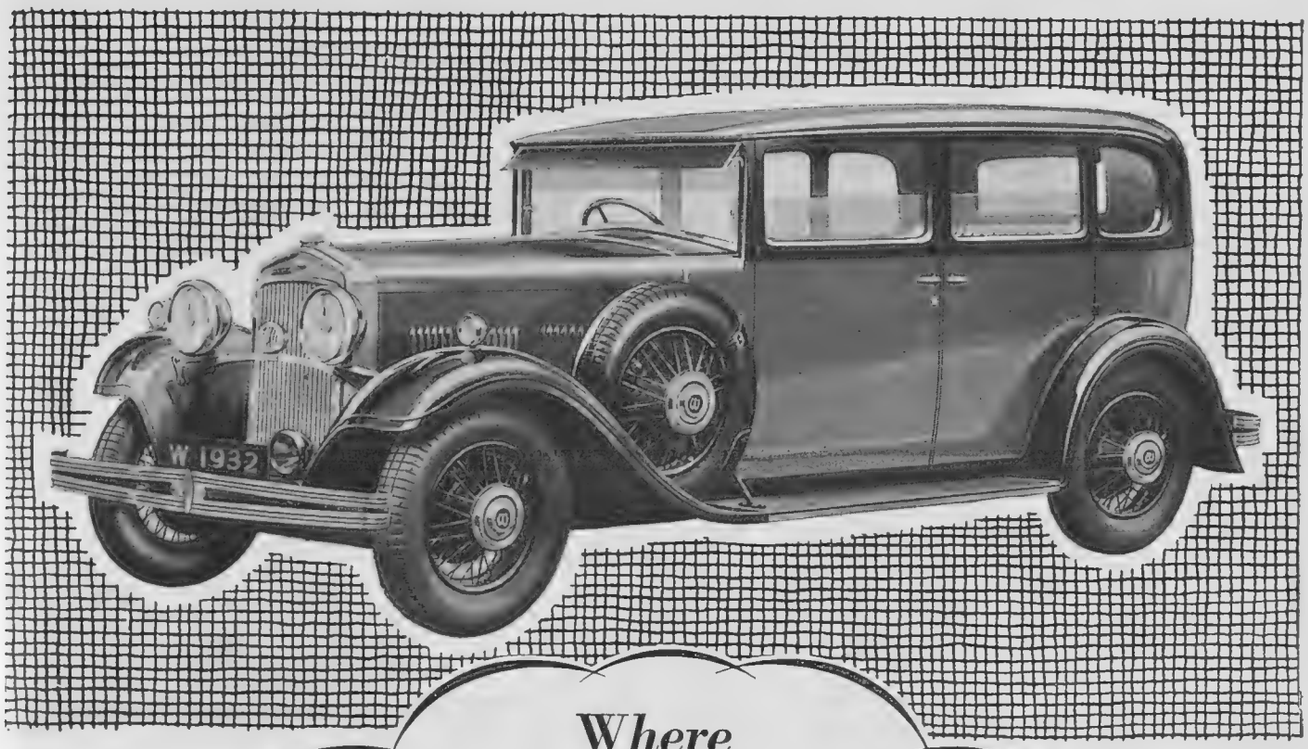
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Air Eddies—*continued from p.* 394

Flying-Officer H. Bailey, Flight-Lieut. Ivins, Flight-Lieut. Clarkson, Mr. W. R. Walwyn, Mr. H. L. Bowes, and Mr. H. E. S. Pritchett. Had it not been for the accident that marred it, this would have been one of the most successful air races ever held, and the greatest credit must be given to Mr. R. L. Preston, the chief marshal; Mr. Denman, the secretary and clerk of the course; Mr. Gowing at Norwich, and Captain Ferguson, who did so much in arranging the course. And, by the way, it was notable that that course remained a secret to every competitor before the start. Not one word of what it would be leaked out beforehand. Colonel Shelmerdine was at Heston on this occasion, and Mrs. Shelmerdine presented the prizes.

* * *

Air Pageants.

The Coventry air pageant on the 14th drew a large crowd and proved a great success. Miss Winifred Brown won the arrival competition in her Hermes Avian, and Mr. L. Marshall in the Hermes Elf was second. Interesting events in this meeting were the aerobatic competition and the reliability trial. Flight-Lieut. J. Allen won the reliability trial in his Puss Moth, while Mr. L. Nelson was second.

The Skegness pageant drew about forty aeroplanes from various parts of the country. Mr. Ivor McClure at the dinner given on the evening of the pageant proposed the health of the Skegness Aero Club, and mentioned that although the club had been formed only seven weeks before, it had eighty-seven members, twenty-seven of whom were learning to fly. The autogiro was present at Skegness as at most other recent pageants.

Sywell's pageant, the fifth held by the Northamptonshire Aero Club, was as masterly in organization as it was unfortunate in weather. Flight-Lieut. W. E. P. Johnson gave aerobatic displays at Sywell with the same finish that he exhibited at Heston at the Household Brigade's meeting. He has established an almost unique reputation for aerobatic and instrument flying.



AT HESTON

Mr. R. P. G. Denman of Heston Airport, who has been largely responsible for the interesting recent developments there, owns a Puss Moth, and with him in this picture is Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, holder of the world's speed record, the greatest high speed pilot of the times

No room is left me for comment upon Miss Amelia Earhart's Atlantic flight, but this is the kind of thing that must be considered in detail before its value can be assessed. On some future occasion I shall hope to deal with the flight.

Motor Notes

For Ascot Races, June 14–17, the Automobile Association has undertaken the management of a large motor park in High Street, Ascot, immediately facing the entrance to the grand stand. The park, which is adjacent to the covered way, affords easy access to the course and protection in the event of inclement weather. Accommodation for over 2,000 cars and motor cycles is available, and A.A. khaki-clad patrols, experienced in car parking, will be in attendance. Applications for berths should be made to the Secretary, the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W. 1.

* * *

The traffic arrangements for this year's Aldershot Tattoo follow closely those carried out successfully by the military authorities and the R.A.C. in 1931. The Tattoo will be held on six days, viz., Saturday, June 11; and Tuesday to Saturday, June 14–18. The whole of the parking will be in the hands of the R.A.C., the area available being divided into four regions, each of which is provided with roads giving direct communication with the main routes running north, south, east, and west from the Tattoo area. The routes are distinguished by different colours, and these in turn correspond with the various car parks served by each particular route. A traffic map giving particulars of the various routes, complete information regarding the method of parking, and prices of all reserved and unreserved parks is available on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1, or from the Tattoo Box Office, Aldershot. To assist motorists who are attending the Tattoo, the R.A.C. is also erecting over three hundred special direction signs on the various roads leading to the Tattoo area. In addition, R.A.C. guides on these roads will remain on duty until the whole of the traffic has passed into the arena, and will be employed in directing drivers to their correct approach roads.

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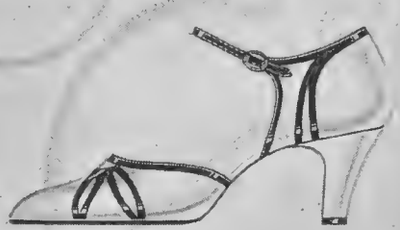
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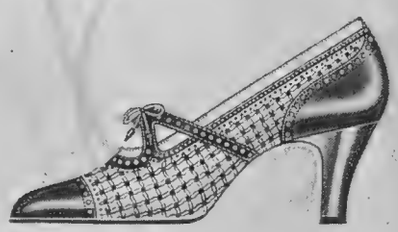
SOME CELEBRITIES OF THE FAMOUS TOWN OF BLACKPOOL

Blackpool, that Coney Island and Brighton of the North rolled into one, is one of the most wonderful spots in these little-known islands of ours. A town which has everything and is one of the most up-to-date and prosperous pleasure resorts of the world. To see it is a revelation. Amongst those in this quite inadequate gallery are Mr. Harry Hall, the General Manager and Director of the Winter Gardens and Tower Co. He has had long experience in the entertainment world, having served under Sir Oswald Stoll and Sir Alfred Butt, etc., a man of personality and foresight, as is shown by the many attractions for which he is responsible for bringing to Blackpool; Alderman Tom Bickerstaffe, J.P., is an ex-Mayor of Blackpool and followed his late brother, Sir John Bickerstaffe (known as the Father of Blackpool) as chairman of the Tower Company, Ltd.; he is also chairman of the Winter Gardens Company, and chairman of the entertainment committee of the Blackpool Corporation; he takes the greatest interest in catering for the entertainment of the thousands of visitors; Councillor Leonard Newsome is another popular Blackpudlian and is this year's mayor; Mr. Robert Parker has had a life-long association with Blackpool and is secretary and director of the Tower Co. and a director of the Winter Gardens; Mr. Eli Percival is probably Blackpool's greatest personality of all; he is nearing the nineties and as full of vigour as if he were seventy years younger; he is a great collector of antiques, and his house is a little museum of treasures, none of which he would sell for a king's ransom

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BELLAIR (on left), is designed in Natural British Stoat. 67 *gns.*

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The Speckled Trout—*continued from p. 400*

Ford was infuriatingly secretive. He could tell me nothing until we got to his flat, he said, but there might be some news there.

The Cockburn 1900 was wasted so far as I was concerned. I gulped it down hurriedly as if it had been ginger beer, and we drove down to Chelsea.

There was a man waiting for us in Ford's flat: a middle-aged fellow with the appearance of an old-time actor. His face was deeply lined about the mouth, and his manner suave yet brisk. Ford introduced him as Mr. Artifex, then after a moment or two: "I'd better warn you, Mr. Artifex is sometimes known as Detective-Inspector Artifex of Scotland Yard. You'll remember, I was talking to him last night."

My nerves were on edge and I snapped at Ford: "Perhaps Mr. Artifex will be a little less damned funny and a little more communicative if it has anything to do with ——" I checked, for I was going to say the trout picture and I remembered Ford's ban. "The brute who attacked my man Archbold," I finished.

Ford laughed: "Now then, Artifex. Do your duty."

Mr. Artifex became less human and less suave. He walked across the room and picked up a canvas that stood with others face to the wall.

"Have you ever seen that before, Mr. Deben?" he asked.

It was the speckled trout.

I said: "Good Lord! You found it! Yes, of course. It's my picture."

"And how did it come into your possession?"

I explained, and he nodded. "Then you identify it without any doubt?" he queried.

"Certainly," I said. "But how the devil —"

Ford interrupted: "Wait a minute, Micky. Wait a minute. I'll tell you all in good time. You're satisfied, Artifex?"

"Quite."

"Then I'll get on with the good work."

Ford produced some grubby looking bottles and a mass of cotton wool and began gently to polish my picture, while the smell of a chemist's shop filled the room.

I had a score of questions to ask, but I didn't for the moment. I got up and stood with Artifex looking over Ford's shoulder and wondering what he was up to. And as he rubbed with his cotton wool and his stinking chemicals, the tail of my trout began to disappear disclosing a deep, warm tone beneath.

It was like a conjuring trick. Ford would answer no questions: he just kept on with his deft rubbing, so gently and delicately done that it seemed almost that he was painting a new picture.

After a while he stopped.

"There's no doubt about it, Artifex," he said, "It's the Vermeer *Fishwife*. Look: there's a bit of the green cloak showing."

Artifex answered: "If you're satisfied, I'll get off at once, Mr. Carey." He rose.

Then I broke out: "Damn it all!—since it's my picture you might tell me what all this business is about."

Ford looked across at Artifex with an odd grin. "I'm afraid it's not your picture," he said. "It's Sir Otto Stein's."

"But I bought it," I protested.

"So did Sir Otto. But he paid nine thousand guineas for it. It's Vermeer's masterpiece."

Then it began to come back to me vaguely. Otto Stein, the big financier and art collector. The papers had been filled with the story of a sensational robbery at his Essex house a few years before, and I remembered reading about an extremely valuable Dutch picture that had been stolen.

Artifex took pity on me. He said:

"Mr. Carey is good enough to help us sometimes at the Yard. He has a very wide knowledge of art matters—and a wonderful memory. He is suggesting that this is a stolen picture that has been over-painted to disguise it. A not uncommon custom."

"But how the devil did you find it? Or wasn't it stolen—from this flat, I mean?"

Artifex replied, with a shrug, "Mr. Carey must tell you that; I can't wait."

. . . . . .

Ford saw him to the door, then came back looking more owlish than ever as he fixed a cigarette into his long holder with irritating deliberation. And I asked impatiently, "How long have you been an imitation detective, Ford?"

To my surprise he didn't rise to the gibe. Instead he answered quietly: "Quite a time, Micky. Almost as long as I've been at the antique business, and found what funny things come the way of dealers. Just mere hints as a rule—hints that if you like you can buy a this or a that damned cheap so long as you asked no questions."

"You mean stolen stuff?" I said slowly as his meaning came to me.

He nodded.

"That's the idea; but I don't deal in stolen stuff, and I resented the idea of anybody thinking I did. So I ranged myself on the side of the angels—that is Scotland Yard." He stopped to light his cigarette. "I have a good memory and a fine card index system. And one way

(*Continued on p. xxiv*)

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The Speckled Trout—*continued from p.* xxii

and another I have had a lot of fun helping Artifex and his crowd. But you're not to say a word about this, Michael."

I was amazed. Ford always was a queer bird, but this was the queerest thing I ever heard of him.

"Of course not," I answered at once. "But for heaven's sake do tell me all about the trout. What made you suspect?"

"If I hadn't been a fool I'd have suspected as soon as I handled it," he said, with a touch of disgust. "But it was so bad that I never gave it a second look after you'd had your little joke last night. Then when that was the only thing stolen out of this place I began to think hard."

I nodded.

"You see I reckoned," he went on, "that if somebody wanted that picture bad enough to attempt highway robbery, two burglaries, and damned nearly doing in your man Archbold, it was worth a bit. So I went down this morning to see what I could find out about it."

"Where?" I asked.

He raised his eyebrows. "Down to Penham, the place where you bought it from, of course," he said.

"But I only bought it at a cottage sale," I said.

"You did," he nodded. "You bought it from the effects of the deceased widow Wade who died very suddenly. Your publican pal, Granger, told me all about that. I had a long talk with him to-day. He expands under the influence of double gins. He says you were a nice gent, but he wishes he'd sprung another bob or two now. He set his heart on that trout."

"But did he know?" I demanded.

Ford shook his head. "Not he. But somebody did. He told me that a fellow who must have been your gunman, turned up in a car just as you were clearing off. He was coming down to the sale but he'd been held up by fog and he wanted that picture too. When Granger told him you'd bought it, he went after you to make you an offer for it. Apparently, he made his offer with a pistol in Epping Forest. Then I asked Granger a question or two about the widow Wade, and I learned that she'd had 'trouble': that's how he put it. She had a son who was for a month or so a footman to Sir Otto Stein, and got into trouble over some old silver that went astray at Stein's Essex place. Three years' trouble—in gaol."

Ford smiled reflectively. "It was then that I remembered the stolen Vermeer," he went on. "Just the size of your trout, and it was never found. I telephoned to Artifex."

"And he?"

"Fortunately was able to lay hands on Wade. They found him and the picture in a shady little Soho hotel. That bright young man must have had a worrying time. He only came out of prison yesterday morning. Artifex says they'd have told him his mother was dead, in gaol, and he's done the last few weeks of his time knowing that her cottage would be sold up and with it the trout—the Vermeer *Fishwife*—and he couldn't stop it."

"But I don't see why it was ever there. Worth all that money and hanging about in a country cottage."

Ford looked at me as if I were a very stupid child.

"My dear Michael," he said after a moment, "put it to yourself. What could be safer? The art world was combed for that picture. The police of two continents looked in every likely place for it—and failed. And all the time it was hanging up in the widow Wade's parlour disguised as a crudely painted trout—waiting for Syd Wade to come out of gaol. Then, when the excitement had died down, I don't doubt Wade would have got a very fair price for it, from someone who 'didn't ask questions'—abroad probably."

I sat silent for awhile pondering the fantastic story. I felt almost sorry for Wade till I remembered Archbold. Then I asked, "Who is this chap Wade—I mean he wasn't an ordinary servant. He wouldn't have known enough about old masters—"

Ford raised his eyebrows in characteristic fashion.

"That's another story," he said. "That interests me a lot. The police know nothing against him before the Stein affair. But a man who comes straight out of gaol, and can get hold of a car, dope, and a gun, hold you up, and work two cool and cunning burglaries, was no beginner working alone. I'd very much like to know who Wade was working with. But I doubt if we ever shall now."

"Why?" I asked. "They've got the man, you said."

Ford flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"They've got the man, all right," he agreed in a quiet voice, "but he shot himself before they arrested him. There'll be no charge for either of us to bring, Michael, and Sir Otto will get his picture back. That's all. A comic world, isn't it—how things turn out. It might have been you or Archbold—instead it was Wade himself. Somehow I think that trout's unlucky. I think I'll erase the rest of him."

He threw his cigarette away and went back to his smelly bottles and his cotton wool and I watched him, hardly speaking, for a couple of hours while he rubbed so skilfully my speckled trout away and brought to light once more the glorious colours of the old Dutchman's masterpiece.

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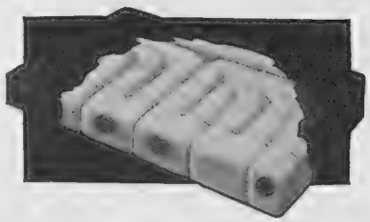
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RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

I WOULDN'T miss racing at York for anything, even though this time it meant leaving a fish that had just risen in the Spey, toying with one of those delicious meals on the railway, in which every course carries the same depressing odour of wet fox terriers, and arriving at York at 3.30 a.m. Driving from the station in the half light, it wasn't very reassuring to see the pools of standing water on the course, but a couple of fire engines, working full bore all night, and a drying wind, made racing possible. York is the best-run racecourse in England; the stakes are large, and in consequence the class of horse good, and yet the admission to the members' enclosure for three days is only one-third more than for one day at Alexandra Park. There meetings are most interesting but most dangerous for betting, as they are No Man's Land between North and South, and the Northerners lay themselves out to capture the large stakes and defeat the South. Their horses must realize this, for many of them leave all other form far behind, and their sagacity to do so is freely betted on. The showers on the morning of the first day started the women in their mackintoshes, for which, as the sun came through, they burst like a hatch of "duns," but the bitter cold and misery of the second day put them back again.

It is very noticeable that a great many ladies in Yorkshire, though claiming no relationship, have all developed identical streaky markings which possibly will disappear again as they get their full summer coats. Oddly enough, one lady's black Labrador has developed his mistress's initial in straw colour on his sable coat, a remarkable instance either of capillary attraction or the use of dumb animals for the purpose of experimenting for the alleged benefit of society. In absolute fish-glue going Trimdon put up a smashing performance to beat Bonny Brighteyes, and what a race Joe Childs rode on him! It was noticeable the horse wore an "all-over" cooler for his paddock clothing. As usual the best northern two-year-olds, Acton Reed and Mariegoulde, turned out very moderate when meeting south country form, and it is strange that Disarmament has been one of the very few since the War that could hold their own in good company.

To-day is Derby Day, and one still cannot see how anyone can back anything to beat Orwell, who Manton openly say is the best they have had for many years. The place horses are more difficult. Dastur, Miracle, Hesperus, and April the Fifth have the best claims, and as I like Dastur best as a horse I place him second, with April the Fifth third, much as I should like to see the last-named win outright. What a triumph it would be for Tom Walls! Even Mr. Kenneth Cove couldn't fail to show some enthusiasm, and Mr. Robertson Hare, who generally seems to be relieved of his trousers in any excitement, would probably be completely unfrocked. The Coronation Cup should be a walk-over for a fit and fancied Cameronian, with Orpen the next best, while Supervisor's astonishing speed from the gate should settle the issue of the Woodcote in a few strides. Orta should win the Oaks. The draw for the Irish Sweep not being held till the Monday doesn't give the buying syndicates much time to get hold of the tickets they want, and the very short price of the favourite which they have been unable to knock out at the call over puts the value of an Orwell ticket very high, roughly £5000 for a half share in a £30,000 pool. According to the latest film, however, one of the greatest tragedies that occur in one's life is to win it.

A few hints on Epsom procedure may not be out of place for those who have not attended this festival before. For members the thing is simplicity itself. It is of all others the course *par excellence* to which to take a lady racing. She must have a seat in a box or a stall, which in either case is a permanent parking place, and the bars being comfortable, there is no need to stir out of the enclosure. For the non-member the whole affair is more complex. A box or stall as low down as possible should be selected, for no man but a guide to the pyramid of Cheops could make the journey from tier A down those precipitous steps and back seven times a day, four days running, to make her half-crown wagers with some obscure bookmaker in the centre of Tattersalls. Lunch can be most satisfactorily obtained by waiting till some party have just left their private table and then walking in, noting the name on the card and inquiring "Is Sir George (or whoever it is) here yet?" "He's just gone," replies the waiter, "but he'll be back after this race." This just gives you time for lunch, and you only miss the selling handicap.

There is a paddock at Epsom known to but few somewhere out towards Guildford down a pathway specially constructed of winkle-shells and orange-peel and flanked by myriads of pseudo-Romany women each one carrying a child which, according to the immemorial custom of this prodigiously prolific race, seems to have been born about Jubilee day. It is inadvisable to go to the paddock, however, as the charge to go in is about the same as for an ordinary day's racing anywhere else. Having been stuck up in the traffic too long to see the first race you lunch during the next selling plate, see the big race as well as you can, and you had better then cut away home, for the remainder of the biggest day's racing in the world generally finishes up with a £200 7-furlong handicap and a struggle for maiden four-year-olds to be ridden by apprentices who have never looked like riding a winner from the establishments of trainers who haven't raised a flag since Running Rein's year.

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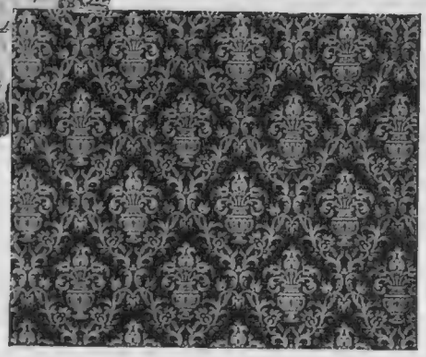
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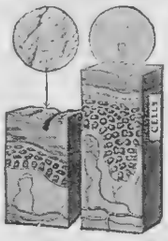
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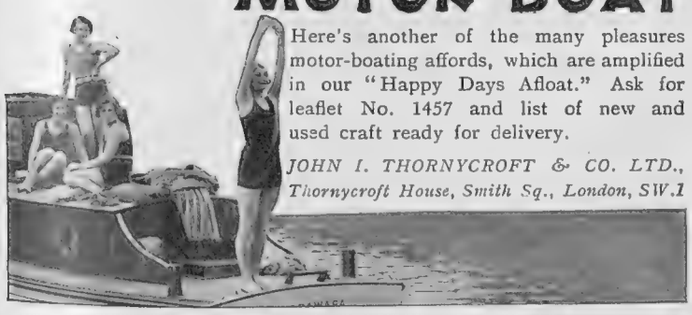
GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 156B, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm, rich active tissue, increased rows of cells some of which are growing, improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, beg for help for an old woman of seventy-nine who is slowly dying from weakness, old age, and bronchitis. She is being looked after by her daughter, aged sixty. They have earned their living for many years by tailoring at home and still the daughter gets "piecework" to do, but nowadays this kind of work is but poorly paid and difficult to get. We have been helping them during the winter, and as the old mother cannot live for many months more we feel we cannot fail them. 10s. a week is their only certain income. The Friends of the Poor urgently appeal for £12 for another six months, though less may be needed, and therefore we would keep in touch with any kind donors and return their gifts if help is only needed for a short time.

* * *

The *Cavalcade* Ball at the May Fair Hotel on Wednesday, June 8, to which H.R.H. the Duchess of York has given special patronage, promises to be unique in the annals of charity entertainments. It is in aid of the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes. No fewer than fourteen V.C.s and twenty-nine officers of high rank of the Navy, Army, and Air Force figure on the list of over one hundred distinguished patrons, including Sir Beachcroft Towse, Lord Lloyd, Earl Jellicoe, Earl Beatty, General Freyberg, and Sir Geoffrey Salmond. Amongst those who have promised to bring parties to the ball are: Constance, Duchess of Westminster, the Marquis and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Lady Lloyd, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Lady Hadfield, Lady Mount Temple, Lady Sassoon, and Captain E. P. Bennett, V.C. The Midnight Cabaret and the Zero Hour Rum Ration issued to every guest are features of the ball; as is the Caravan Cocktail Bar to be run by Miss Marion Lorne and Mr. Hugh Wakefield. Tickets, 30s.; parties of six for £7 10s. inclusive, from 42, The Manor House, N.W.1.



Stage Photo Co.

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The famous singer, Phares, from Montmartre, La Boule Noire, and his Can-Can dancing charmers are the latest thing at Ciro's Boule a Matelots' Supper Restaurant, which opens at 10 p.m. every night. It is a replica of the French restaurant fishing village, nets, lobster-pots, anchors, and what not. The dancers and the band are in the picture

* * *

The Prince Edward Theatre is to re-open on Wednesday, June 22, with John Murray Anderson's new revusical magazine, "Fanfare," the book of which has been written by Dion Titheradge with music by Henry Sullivan, and added numbers by Beverley Nichols, H. M. Tennant, and Philip Braham, the lyrics by Desmond Carter, and the dances by Ralph Reader. The cast includes Joe Cook, June and Violet Loraine. Before coming to the West-end, *Fanfare* is to be played at the Streatham Hill Theatre for two weeks starting on June 6.



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In "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" Miss Wynne Gibson accomplishes an extraordinary triumph in make-up. She is quite young and her achievement of old age is quite astounding. It is at the Plaza and is a Paramount picture

The Victoria Palace have a particularly strong attraction this week in Jack Hylton and his Boys with several new numbers. Also in the programme are Frederique, the new English Songstress, Reg Bolton, Ernie Mayne, Coram and Jerry in a ventriloquial scena.

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The famous G.W.R. Torbay Express (12.0 noon each week-day from Paddington) brings Torquay within 3¾ hours of London. There are many other fast services, including through connections with the North and Midlands. Week-end tickets (Friday to Tuesday) and Holiday Tickets (6 to 17 days) are issued each week-end from all parts.

Obtain a copy of the big G.W.R. Guide, "Holiday Haunts, 1932," containing hundreds of addresses of hotels, boarding and apartment houses, &c., in and around Torquay. Obtainable, Price 6d., at G.W.R. Stations, Offices, Agencies, Bookstalls, Booksellers, etc.

Entertainments à la Carte

(*Continued from p.* 381)

Manchester or perhaps just round the corner, walks the earth with hidden knowledge of why he killed Lily Coles; which wordily emphasizes the simple fact that some murders are unsolved. This conversation tries to erect a tablet to the Unknown Murderer, but cannot make it sinister.

Diffidently, I submit that the small anti-climax from unexplained mystery would disappear if there were no epilogue. Its only interesting argument is that Lance may have disappeared before the murder because proof of Lily's worthlessness made the Galahad part of him permit the Casanova to take charge. For the first time in his odd life he might have dived into a casual, physical contact from which Galahad had always kept him, and to which he would not admit later. That theory could have been made earlier just as well in the discussion between K.C. and novelist. As for the "somebody knows" moral, its intention could have been carried out by a few stressed lines of dialogue in the Old Bailey scene, which has such a dramatic ending. Lance is free; his conversation with the Malvinettis, and with a clammy actress, has been about himself, his feelings in the dock, his plans for the evening, and the future. "We seem to have forgotten poor Lily," says Madame Malvinetti; and this, with a shrug from Lance, makes such an excellent last curtain that the harking-back which follows is bound to lower the dramatic temperature.

The acting by the principals is exceptionally good. One could pick out a dozen small items from Beatrix Thomson's little street-walker to show her perfection of detail—the way her petty handbag hangs from the arm, her furtive secrecies, her quick lies to avoid hurting the kind old woman, her need of the streets, and the toneless narrative of sordid experience which to her seems ordinary, as when she recalls a man that once attacked her with a razor and cried when she took it from him. Frank Lawton's Lance is as admirable in his showing of the half-and-half Cockneyism which is so much more difficult than its all-out variety. There is further ability in his bitterness and twisted sentimentalism, although he seems a bit too normal to persuade an audience altogether. Muriel Aked is rôle-perfect as a Dickensian Madame Malvinetti—every mannerism and intonation is a joy, and it is a mystery how she makes people laugh merely by saying "We were living at Stoke Newington at the time." Cathleen Nesbitt and Lewis Shaw are almost as notable as her children.

These, with Mr. Van Druten's talent for observant realism, can convince you that in just this way would these people have behaved when murder intimately entered their lives. That is high praise for a play; but you well might be wrong in your belief. Murder, like sudden elopement, is one of the few things that can jerk any nature out of running true to form. O. Henry wrote a story of an author whose tales were always rejected by an editor because they were too colloquial. The wives of author and editor ran away. The colloquial writer exclaimed: "My God, why hast thou given me this cup to drink?" And the man who liked histrionics: "Say, Shack, ain't it hell now—ain't it?"



Sasha

THE EMPIRE LODGE INSTALLATION BANQUET

At the Mansion House last week, when the Right Hon. Sir Maurice Jenks, Lord Mayor of London, was installed Worshipful Master of this Lodge. In this picture are: Worshipful Brother Sir Claude Levern, K.B.E., C.M.E., P.G.D.; Worshipful Brother Sir George MacLaren Brown, K.B.E., P.G.D. England, P.G.R. Grand Lodge of Canada; and Worshipful Brother Sir Gerald Woods Wollaston, M.V.O., Garter King of Arms, P.G.D.

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With Silent Friends—*continued from p. 368*

and *why*, is so well kept up, and is altogether so mysterious that, inevitably, the final *dénouement* when it comes seems a little tame. But that is the penalty one always has to pay for being keyed up to expect some kind of super-surprise. Therefore, if you want to read a good mystery story, quite brilliantly written, here it is. One can only hope, having read it, that Sir John has not made his final entrance. We have met him twice now—first in "Enter Sir John," and again in this new story; but he has by no means worn out his welcome. Miss Dane and Miss Simpson must give him yet another cue upon which to enter with all his magnificent suavity. His audience waits.

* * *

A New Cookery Book.

The title, "Mrs. Gilpin's Cookery Book" (Hodge. 4s. 6d.), puzzled me at first, since it is compiled by a Miss Isabel W. Gilmour. However, a verse culled from the famous poem explained it all:

Though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind.

And this is a cookery book for frugal minds who don't, however, wish the menu to look mean. It is a most delightfully common-sense kind of cookery book, and as easy to understand as the railway A.B.C. For example, a recipe which requires the yolks of three eggs is followed immediately by another recipe which requires three whites. And isn't that a good idea? So to speak, one knows where one is with a cookery book of this kind. Another chapter dealing with the sudden kitchen problem of the unexpected guest will surely be a god-send to the harassed. Moreover, there are lots of recipes included which are not usually found in such books—unfamiliar American dishes and French ones and German. But all the recipes, of course, with the frugal mind uppermost in their composition. And nearly all of them very easy to prepare. So, for those women whom the authoress describes as allowing themselves to become so absorbed by their houses that they find themselves devoid of congenial friends and out of touch with the outside world, it is an ideal book. In it they will discover how to cook well, eat well, and yet not become at the same time a slave to pots and pans and the kitchen range. Even a professional cook should welcome it! And usually the act of showing any cookery book to a professional cook is received as "sniffily" as Mrs. Meyrick must regard policemen in mufti. Here, anyway, is an American recipe for cheese fondu: "Three-quarter breakfast cup of soft breadcrumbs; ¼ lb. grated cheese; two eggs, whites and yolks separate; half a cup of hot water. Pour the water over the crumbs, add salt, pepper, cheese, and yolks, mix thoroughly, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Put into a greased baking dish, bake in a moderate oven till firm, and serve at once." Well, if a few easily-prepared dishes as this one is doesn't make a husband believe that he has married a treasure, try *leaving him!*



Kay Vaughan

MISS DÉSIRÉE GROTRIAN

A débutante of the season who was presented at the first Court. Her father, Mr. H. Brent Grotrian, K.C., is Recorder of Scarborough. He sat as Member for the S.W. Division of Hull for five years

* * *

Long and Pointless.

That a very long novel is not necessarily a better novel is well shown in "The Marriage of Simon Harper," by Neil Bell (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.). A quarter of a million words (as the publishers inform us) and with half that number the book would have been infinitely more interesting. As it is there are too many elaborated details, especially those dealing with the obstetrical side of life. The point of the theme is lost in a ceaseless and not very illuminating flood of words. The book traces the life story of Simon Harper, carpenter, from his marriage in 1886 to the day after the War when, rich, retired, and a mayor, he finds that his wife has committed suicide by turning on the gas. They have a number of children, however, and each has a difficult time of it with their male parent when it comes to a question of earning a living, and how? The War, however, solves most of these problems. Beyond this there is little in the story except an amount of sheer detail laboriously carried out, which defeats its own ends—not by giving us a true picture but by giving us a minute dissection of every-day trivialities which, so to speak, leaves them in their separate, unattached state under a microscope. There is statement but no interpretation.



IRELAND

Ireland is a land of laughter. The rivers laugh as they run over the pebbles and the hills give a laughing echo. The waves laugh as they tumble on the shore and the sun smiles broadly over the whole island. If you enjoy processions and pageantry come to Dublin for the Eucharistic Congress (June 22nd to 26th). For those five days Dublin will be the centre of the world's interest.

OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS

National Industrial Exhibition at Cork (May to September), the Tailteann Games at Dublin (June 29th to July 10th), the Dublin Horse Show (August 2nd to 5th) and the Celebration of the Fifteenth Centenary of the Landing of St. Patrick in Ireland.

Be sure to obtain particulars of the 10 days Travel —"Go as you please"—ticket offered by the Great Southern Railways (Ireland) for 90/-.

Guides and particulars of Tourist, Week-end and Holiday Return Tickets from Euston or Paddington Stations or from any L M S or G.W. Station, Office or Agency.

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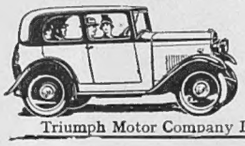
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

A Swindle that didn't succeed

1844:—"If Peel's[1] allegations concerning Running Rein[2] be well founded, then Wood[3] is surely guilty of ye greatest fraud ever attempted. And what wth ye laming of Ratan, and ye death of Crockford,[4] there has been little of sport or pleasure in this Derby. If Orlando[5] be eventually declared ye winner I shall have some £500 owing to me, tho that ye legs[6] will be chary of making payment I do not doubt."



1. Colonel Peel, owner of Orlando.
2. Finished first in the Derby of 1844, but was afterwards disqualified.
3. Mr. Anthony Wood, owner of Running Rein.
4. Owner of Ratan.
5. Winner of the Derby in 1844.
6. Period slang for bookmakers.

Sir Edward: "Interesting that. The Derby of 1844 must be the most sensational race in history."

Lady Angela: "But what happened? He doesn't make it very clear."

Sir Edward: "I read a full account of it the other day. *Running Rein* was proved, after having won the Derby, to be a four-year-old, so of course he was disqualified. It was a very ingenious swindle which didn't quite succeed. *Ratan*, which was second favourite at 3 to 1, was 'got at' in spite of every precaution, and that broke Crockford's heart; he died two days later. The race was finally awarded to *Orlando*, which finished second."

Lady Angela: "A four-year-old in the Derby! I wouldn't have thought it possible."

Sir Edward: "It wouldn't be now. The Stewards are far too wide awake. As a matter of fact there was another four-year-old in that Derby named *Leander*; but he got kicked at the post, and had to be shot."

Lady Angela: "And I suppose those who backed *Orlando* received their money?"

Sir Edward: "Well, they were entitled to it, but I expect some of them had a lot of trouble to get it."

Lady Angela: "How so?"

Sir Edward: "Because an affair of that kind gives plenty of loopholes for a none-too-scrupulous bookie. And backers in 1844 were denied the pleasure of dealing with an institution like the *House of Stuart*."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

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